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Park Royal Agricultural Show. Special Gardening and Farming Notes Inside.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

A deed of heroism by a young woman has just been performed in Galway under circumstances which make it conspicuous in the annals of gallantry. A small boy belonging to a party of excursionists from Athlone went out on the rocks at the Strad, near Fairhill, and was cut off by the tide. No one on the beach made an effort to save him, and Miss Quinn, the daughter of a naval officer residing close by, was attracted to the scene by the cries of alarm. Fully dressed as she was, she unhesitatingly entered the water and swam to the child's rescue. She pulled the boy from the rocks by main force, and he immediately clasped her round the neck, sinking his nails into her flesh. Despite the heavy encumbrance of the boy and her soaked clothes, Miss Quinn regained the shore, amid the cheers of the spectators. Even then it was with difficulty that the boy's hands could be released from her neck, which was badly lacerated by his nails.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Bute Wedding.

On Thursday next, July 6th, one of the most interesting weddings of the year will be celebrated. The bridegroom is the young Marquis of Bute and the bride Miss Augusta Bellingham, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, Ireland. Inheriting a great name, high privileges, vast influence, and practical ability, the possessor of no fewer than a dozen titles, and the owner of some 117,000 acres and many magnificent residences, it is not surprising that since Lord Bute's coming of age, less than three years ago, society has manifested the keenest interest in the personality of the future Marchioness. Besides youth and beauty and a name worthy of alliance with his own, the young Roman Catholic peer has found in his future bride one of his own religious faith. Sir Henry Bellingham, not less devout a Roman Catholic than the Marquis, was private chamberlain to Pope Pius IX. and to Pope Leo XIII. The Irish baronet, owner of about 6,000 acres, represented Louth in Parliament in 1880, and is a commissioner of national education in Ireland. The future Marchioness is a daughter by his first wife, who was Lady Constance Julia Eleanor Georgina Noel, daughter of the second Earl of Gainsborough. The Marquis of Bute, to whose great house this family becomes allied, will be twenty-four years old on June 10th this year. He succeeded to the titles of his father in October, 1900, and came of age in June, 1902, when there were festivities in Scotland and South Wales which lasted until the autumn. Mount Stuart, a mansion rich in marble, situated five miles along the coast of Rothesay, in which the daughter of the Irish baronet will soon reign, cost Lord Bute's father fully £1,000,000. The young nobleman has spent a great deal of his time travelling far and wide. He is fond of big-game shooting, grape growing, and of wearing the kilt. He inherited between five and six millions sterling on the death of his father, whose heart lies buried in a casket of gold on the Mount of Olives, beyond the walls of Jerusalem. At the wedding the Rev. Patrick Fagan will be the officiating priest, and the bridesmaids will include Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, Lady Norah Noel, and other near relatives of the bride and bridegroom, who will wear white dresses, with Irish cloaks of St. Patrick's blue. Lord Bute's band of Highland pipers will be in attendance, and will perform appropriate music while the young couple are being rowed from the shore to their yacht in a decorated barge, manned by white-clad rowers wearing caps embroidered with the Bellingham arms.

Photo, Russell.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, who is to be married to Miss Bellingham next Thursday. He possesses vast estates, and has an income of over £18 an hour.

Our Japanese Royal Guests.

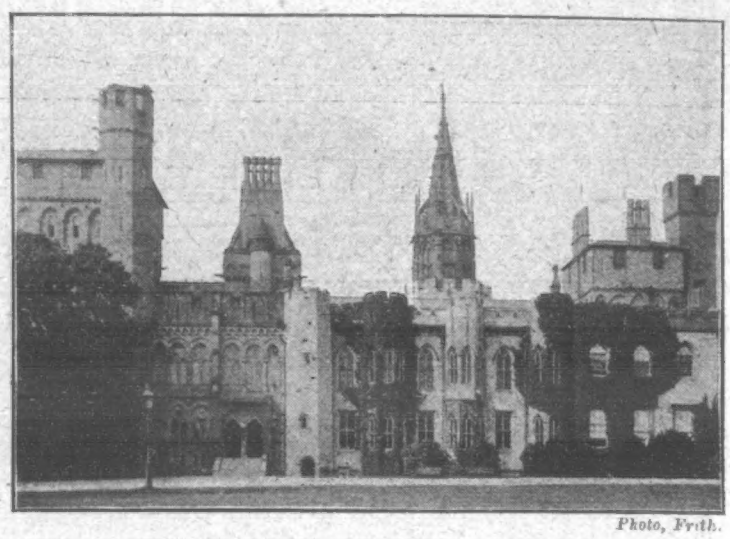
Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan, who arrived in London on Monday on a ten days' visit to this country, are worthy representatives of our friend and ally, the Emperor of Japan. Both the Prince and his wife have been in England before, the last occasion being the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, when the Prince came as the official representative of the Mikado. But it is safe to say that the present visit is by far the most important journey their highnesses have made, and, though they have always been welcome guests, they have been received with special honour on this occasion in view of our present relations with Japan. They are the guests of the King at York House, and will be entertained to luncheon at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress today (Friday). Our guest, who is now in his forty-fourth year, adopted the navy as his profession, and received his early training in the British Navy. In 1879, when Japan's Navy was in its infancy, he became a midshipman on H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, then the flagship on the China station, and served in her for two years. Throughout this time he was a very popular member of the gunroom mess, and with the entire crew he was always a favourite, while with his instructors his untiring industry and quickness at learning made him a valued officer. One of his principal objects in visiting this country at the present moment is officially to thank the King and the British Government for their attitude towards Japan during the present crisis. More than this it would be impolitic to say, but it will not be surprising if important events result from the visit.

Photo, Thomson.

MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM, who is to marry the Marquis of Bute. She is a charming Irish girl.

Photo, Mayne.

THE BUTE WEDDING: Castle Bellingham, the pretty Irish residence of Sir Henry Bellingham.



Photo, Frith.

ONE OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE'S PALACES: Cardiff Castle, where the Prince of Wales was entertained to luncheon by the Marquis last week.

Long-Distance Battles.

Although the grand naval manœuvres which had been arranged for this summer have been abandoned, the reorganised Reserve Fleet will carry out its first combined series of tactical exercises in conjunction with the Channel Fleet and the first cruiser squadron early this month. The operations will be under the supreme command of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, but it is proposed to give as great a character of individuality to these manœuvres as possible, and the flag officers of the three reserve divisions will be permitted an exceptional degree of initiative in their methods of working out a general idea. Nineteen battleships and twenty-seven cruisers will take part in the operations, which will extend over a fortnight. This strategic scheme of the exercises has not yet been issued, but an officer of the Devonport Fleet Reserve told an *Express* representative that it is generally understood that long-distance battle tactics are to be practised under a large variety of conditions.

The Deputy-Speaker.

If there is anything in heredity, Mr. John Grant Lawson, on whom the mantle of Mr. Lowther has fallen, should make an ideal Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker, for on his mother's side he is the grandson of the original of one of Dickens's "Cheeryble Brothers." The story is told that in 1780, or thereabouts, one William Grant, an Elginshire farmer, who found farming none too profitable, came south to try his luck, and coming to a point in Lancashire where five roads meet, tossed his stick in the air and determined to take that way in which it fell. By this primitive means of divination he found his way to Bury. There he found employment, founded a business, and became rich. The firm fell to his sons, and soon absorbed the business of Sir Robert Peel. The sons grew richer and richer, and extended a helping hand to all who came to them. They were, in fact, the "Cheeryble Brothers"; and the daughter of one of them married Andrew Lawson, of Aldborough and Boroughbridge, father of the new Deputy Speaker.

Photo, Picture Press Agency.

OUR JAPANESE ROYAL VISITORS: Prince Admiral Arisugawa, who arrived in London on Monday.

The Lodz Massacres.

The spirit of revolution is still smouldering throughout Russia, and here and there it breaks out into awful flame. The latest outbreak has occurred at Lodz, in Poland, where, unable to bear the yoke of the oppressor longer, the population have made a frenzied attempt to take the law into their own hands. The hatred of the Government has reached such a pitch that children, kissing red flags, have sworn to die in the cause of liberty. A little boy who smashed some street lamps with a stick was fired on by the soldiers, and, shouting "Down with despotism!" fell dead. The soldiers showed relentless brutality. The Cossacks in front of the station calmly shot and killed three peaceful peasant women who were returning from market. Soon the streets wore the aspect of a battlefield, the killed, dying, and wounded lying stretched out on the pavement. The Socialists are doing their utmost to foment the agitation among the soldiers, distributing revolutionary proclamations and pamphlets, but so far without result. Lodz is now a city of terror. Its hospitals are full of wounded, its mortuaries full of dead. The inhabitants are afraid to go into the streets or to show themselves at the windows, for the troops are firing recklessly upon everyone who comes into range of fire. Thousands of people are creeping out of the town by back streets and fleeing for their lives. It is even now uncertain whether the fight is still going on, for all the telephone and telegraph wires have been cut, and fugitives bring but little news. A return recently issued stated that 264 persons had been killed—four officers, sixty soldiers, and 200 citizens; also that many hundreds had been wounded, some fatally. It is safe to assume, from the official precision of the figures, that they are far below the mark. The fugitives declare that quite 2,000 people have been shot down. The truth lies somewhere between the two estimates, and the exact figures will probably never be known. The rioting certainly lasted for the best part of a week. Its direct cause was the scuffle of last Sunday, when in a street conflict several men, both Christians and Jews, were shot down. The authorities allowed the Christians to bury their dead, but refused a like privilege to the Jews.

Sailors at St. Paul's.

"A Sailors' Day at St. Paul's" is promised, and will prove a new departure, for it is intended that a vast congregation shall be gathered together, composed of seamen of all nationalities and creeds, and, at the same time, of their employers, the shipping companies and shipowners, and that this unique assembly shall commemorate in one united service the centenary of Trafalgar.

Photo, Picture Press Agency.

OUR JAPANESE ROYAL VISITORS: Princess Arisugawa.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE "MAGNIFICENT" DISASTER AT GIBRALTAR: The funeral of the victims.

Incredible Credulity.

The belief in witchcraft prevails to-day to one's personal knowledge in Devonshire, Cornwall, certain parts of Lancashire, and in Cambridgeshire; and the trade in spells, incantations, and charms still flourishes under the rose. A Spitalfield's man was shown not long ago to keep live rabbits in the bedroom in which he and his family slept; the rodents were supposed to be a "cure" for rheumatism. Girls in the country eat starch and candles for their complexions; one died of the practice recently in the Worcester Infirmary. But go down into sober Bedfordshire, and in a town through which run the main lines to the north you will find them carrying live snails in pill-boxes as a preventive of toothache, stewing earth-worms for jaundice, frying mice to dispel whooping-cough, carrying roots and coal to guard the possessor against lightning, and putting horse leek on the roof of a house to ward off strokes by the same element.

A Terrible Mother-in-Law.

A remarkable murder trial is taking place at Le Mans Assizes in France. Armand Fourmy is charged on his own confession with having murdered his wife and his mother-in-law. The prisoner seems to have lived a very unhappy life at the hands of his wife's mother, in whose house he lived, and urges that he was goaded into the crime. Mme. Vallée, the mother, forbade them to call each other "thou," but "you," and all endearing epithets were tabooed. The wife, under her mother's influence, grew less affectionate towards her husband, then colder and colder. Fourmy, who had had fever in the Far East, fretted and became irritable. His mother-in-law (says the *Telegraph's* correspondent) taught him how to dress, how to talk, how to behave in society, and, finding a comic paper in his coat-pocket, upbraided him for corrupting his young wife, their only child, a girl aged three, and the servant maids. All the money was Mme. Vallée's, as he was often reminded. His pockets were searched nightly; the change of a sovereign given him for pocket-money was carefully counted; he was not allowed to possess a key wherewith to lock up anything; and he was forbidden to smoke.

Bluff Sailor.

Of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, who is at present in London on a holiday from Gibraltar, many good stories are told *à propos* of his hatred of pomposity and red tape. It was he who managed so admirably the naval transport of the South African War and carried an army of 200,000 men for 5,000 miles without mistake. One day, while he was sitting quietly writing in the Chief Transport officer's room at Capetown, a self-satisfied person pounded in with a great noise. "Who are you, sir?" asked Sir Edward. "I am Colonel ——," said the intruder. "Dear me, dear me," said Sir Edward. "I thought you were an admiral." Similarly, when he was interrupted a few days later by someone who wanted to be "attended to," he gently asked, "Have you bought these docks, sir?" "Certainly not, sir; I don't know what you mean." "Then go to the deuce," said the bluff seaman, without raising his eyes from the paper.

Photo, Holliday.

AN INTERESTING SNAPSHOT, TAKEN ON SALISBURY PLAIN: In the car are Gen. Montgomery, commanding district; Brigadier Gen. Crichton (with light peaked cap), commanding Hants Volunteer Infantry Brigade; Col. Cave (with soft hat), assistant director at the War Office for Volunteers, and commander of the 1st V.B.H.R. The driver is the Generals' A.D.C., Major Peters. Standing behind the car is Major Johnson.

The Scarlet Better.

Just as we were getting used to seeing our warriors in perpetual khaki, and were beginning to understand that, belied by their looks, they were not really on the point of active service, the Army Council has decided that the army must go back to its scarlet. The decision is in strict accordance with the traditions of our high command. But it has more sense behind it than the usual changes of buttons and gaiters and petty details of drill and the manual and firing exercise. The Army Council considers it the only way to get recruits, attributing a marked decrease in numbers to the drab monotony of active service uniform. Ourselves we have a higher opinion of the Army Council's influence, and imagine that the decrease is largely due to the shocking chaos and incompetence of the administration. But no doubt the scarlet and gold lace counts for something. Setting aside the conquest of the nursery maid, the average Briton who has forgotten how to be a patriot still keeps his vanity. And the resumption of the scarlet may be a good move—so long as the Army Council don't order it for active service.

Russia's "Black Book."

There exists in Russia, says V. E. Marsden, in the June *Fortnightly Review*, an infamous institution known as the "Black Book." If a man's name is once entered therein—and every official in authority has the power so damning his subordinates without cause assigned—it is impossible for the victim, on dismissal, to obtain Government employ ever again. Before any substantive appointment is made to any post under the Government, the candidate's name is sent to St. Petersburg, and the "Black Book" is examined. If there be no entry against the candidate's name the appointment is duly sanctioned, but not otherwise. The most dreaded "Black Book" is that in the keeping of the political police, but every Ministry has its own private "Black Book," the power of which usually extends only within the sphere of influence of that particular Ministry. Thus an official who is so unlucky—it is quite a matter of luck, not of guilt, and has, of course, nothing whatever to do with what the laws of any country, including also Russia, regard as even a misdemeanour—as to be entered in the Ministerial "Black Book" may, through friends and protection, eventually perhaps find employment with another Ministry, even after summary dismissal from his own. But the hapless individual whom the political police, who work in secret and entirely uncontrolled, have once marked as "politically suspect" in the general "Black Book," may knock at all the doors of service in the Empire for the rest of his life, and never be admitted in any capacity. Always, however, with the proviso that some very high personage does not take up the case for a whim and procure his reinstatement against all the accepted usages of the service.

Legion Club's Inauguration.

The formal inauguration of the Legion Club in Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, took place last week. The Legion Club represents the social side of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and the reunions effected last week were so many romances. Men recognised each other across the hospitable club table who had last met on the banks of the Yangtse-kiang, the mountains of Mexico, or the icy solitudes of Alaska. The response to the call of the Legion has been very large. From an island in the West Indies the secretary received the following letter: "Our garrison has been withdrawn. The whole male population will join. The negroes are eighty to one, and liable to be turbulent. I have taken the only defensible building on the island, and that is why my letter is addressed from the gaol." An entire regiment of mounted police has joined the Legion, whose object is to bring into one organisation the enormous body of splendid fighting material scattered in the remote places of the world, and to hold them in readiness to serve the King in the time of the Empire's need.

Professional Accident "Bumper."

Speaking in New York with regard to accident insurance frauds, Mr. Theodore Waters said that in Chicago there was a regular school of liars—men trained to give false evidence in accident cases. He showed a photograph of an acrobat who did not mind letting street cars bump him all over the street. He would be picked up by a confederate and carried to a furnished room. Then the confederate would be bandaged up, and the acrobat would go out and get bumped again. The confederate would go to bed with the injuries that the acrobat was supposed to have received.

Photo, Dinham.

VICE-ADMIRAL ROBINSON, of H.M.S. "Empress of India," who presided at the inquiry into the recent disaster on the A8 submarine.

An Unlucky Rifle.

The rifle with which Major von Wissman, the African explorer, accidentally shot himself in Styria the other day has had a curious history. It was presented by the Major to Tippoo Tib, the African chief, who has just died, and came again into Wissman's possession after an attack which Tippoo Tib made upon his camp. The chief's son was killed in the attack, and Tippoo had to fly leaving his rifle behind. Major von Wissman very nearly met his death from the same weapon some years ago, when it went off while a servant walking behind him, was carrying it.

Smart Naval Gunnery.

One of the gunners on the United States battleship *Kentucky* has achieved the extraordinary record, with a 5in. gun, of hitting the target thirteen times out of fourteen shots in one minute. The target was 17ft. by 21ft., and 1,600 yards distant.

His French.

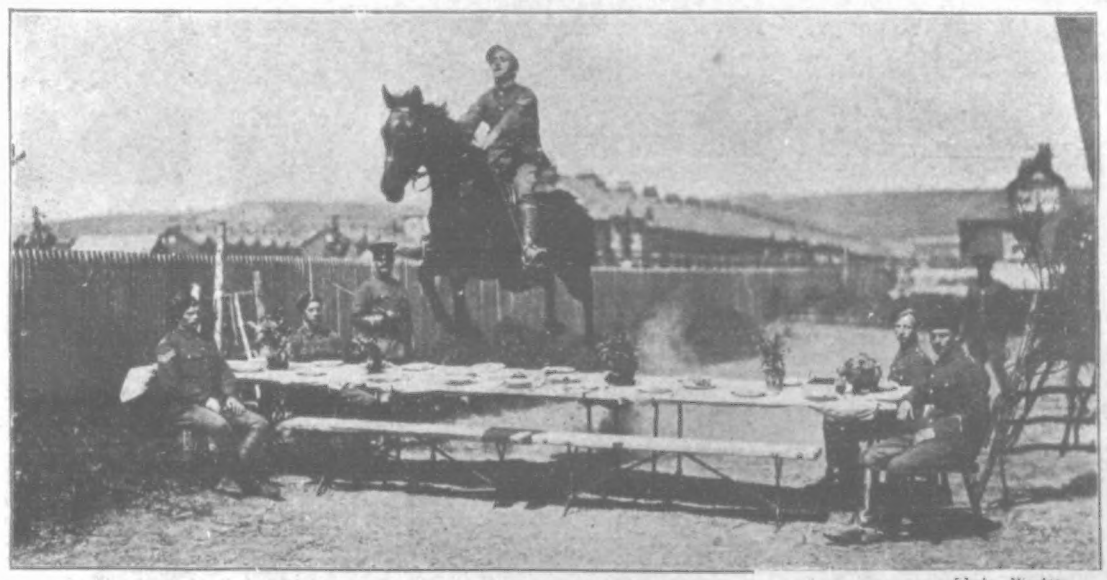
Two Englishmen were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Mr. Smith, says the *Manchester Guardian*, would order and ask for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Mr. Cross would offer explanations that were of the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point. "Will you," he said—in English this time—"be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of *my* French?" "Very well," retorted Mr. Cross, "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon!"

Drowned in Wine.

A vineyard proprietor of Itiri (Sardinia), named Rocca, sent a servant to fetch wine from a large tank holding 40,000 gallons. Overcome by the fumes, the man fell in. Three others, including the son of the proprietor, a youth of twenty, who went to his assistance, were also overcome, and were all drowned in the wine.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A snapshot of the Lord Mayor of London laying the foundation stone of a new wing which is being added to the Tottenham hospital.



Photo, Weston.

ROUGH-RIDING: This horse is one of a team that appeared at the Military Tournament. The animals were trained by Lieut. and Riding-Master P. Thwaite, of the 14th Hussars. This photograph, by Messrs. Lambert Weston, is a particularly rapid exposure, having been taken in one-eight-hundredth of a second, as it is very difficult not to blur the image of a jumping horse. The feat of clearing the breakfast-table is a favourite diversion at the French cavalry school at Saumur.

Photo, C. H. Park.

THE WOODFORD MEET: A fancy dress, worn by one of the ladies present, representing the "Daily Express."

Athletics and Study.

Athletics are not incompatible with honest study. In 1844 our college boat, which I captained, was remarkable both in the record which it made, never since equalled, and in the quality of its crew. From that record crew there came forth the present Lord Chancellor (Halsbury), the late Bishop of Oxford (Mackarness), a well-known M.P., a Fellow of All Souls', an Archdeacon, and a dignitary of the Church! Who shall say how much they owed to the discipline and training of the Merton record boat? —Rev. W. Chetwynd-Stapylton in *Eton College Chronicle*.

Baby and the Rat.

In its cot at Great Yarmouth a two-months old baby has been attacked and severely bitten by a rat, one of the old English black species, which, though nearly extinct elsewhere, seem to be on the increase in Yarmouth.

A "Swagger" Camp.

Troop "C," the crack militia body of Brooklyn State, U.S.A., holds its encampment on July 1. The 160 rich members will occupy eighty tents. The tents will be lighted by electricity, while all the privates will be attended by valets and bootblacks. The cooks who are to provide the food for the troop have been secured from the fashionable clubs of Brooklyn.

An Author's Luck.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, writing in *To-Day*, says: "An author now well known to fame told me that once there was returned to him in his own envelope a story not of his own, but of another man—a writer who at the time was doing well—and attached to it was the usual notice, saying the editor was sorry he could not accept. A mistake had evidently been made by some clerk. My friend's story was published by mistake. It attracted a good deal of attention, and was the beginning of a successful career."

Society Clowns.

Well-known Paris society men and women dressed in tights and clowns' costumes walked on the slack rope, jumped through hoops, rode bareback, and generally played the part of circus acrobats in thoroughly efficient fashion last week. Circus performances are their relaxation, and, under the tuition of M. Moiler, they have become accomplished performers in the ring. Their performance took place at a fête at Neuilly, in aid of a hospital for consumption, in which the Duchesse d'Uzès and other ladies of the old nobility are interested. Among the acrobats were a well-known naval doctor, two officers of the French Navy, and the wife of a count. The performance was a great success, and there was a keen demand for admission.

Mock Porters.

The criminal brain, ever in search of novelty, some time ago devised a new method of appropriating railway passengers' luggage. Masquerading in the innocent-looking guise of a guard or porter, the railway thief has been reaping a rich harvest. The railway companies have now thoroughly awakened to the new danger. The case that came before the magistrates at Crewe last week is only one of many such occurrences that have recently mystified the authorities. "These new railway thieves," said a grey-haired guard, who has had thirty years' experience on the line, to an *Evening News* representative, "are many of them ex-railway men, some ex-guards. At any rate, they are men who know the ins and outs of the whole railway system. It is even on record that many of these thieves joined the staffs of railway companies for a short period with the sole object of getting this experience. In the uniform of a railway servant in a large and busy station such a man passed unchallenged. He is busy 'looking after' luggage. He would perhaps produce to an unsuspecting guard what purported to be an urgent order from the company giving the bearer special supervision of certain luggage, and would then discretely leave with the luggage at some lonely country station. The police were baffled, and the railway company paid up."

Monster German Battleships.

As the result of the battle of the Japan Sea and recent developments in British naval architecture, the German naval authorities have decided largely to increase the size of German battleships. Hitherto the largest German battleship has displaced only 13,200 tons. But in view of the fact that England is laying down an 18,000-ton ship, to be armed with 12in. guns alone, the Kaiser has determined to make a complete change. The precise size and armament of the new ships are military secrets, but it is quite possible that the German vessels will be larger even than the British *Dreadnought* of 18,000 tons, and will be more heavily armed.

The Ferocious Swordfish.

The fishermen of Southern New England are now sharpening their harpoons and getting things in readiness for the swordfish. The fish generally appear in the neighbourhood of Sandy Hook early in June, and continue along the coast as far east as Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Shoals, some having been caught as far north as Cape Sable, until about the middle of September, when the first cold wind causes them to disappear, not to be seen again until the next year. They are also found occasionally off the South Atlantic coast and as far south as the island of Jamaica, also on the Pacific coast at Santa Barbara Islands.

The swordfish (says the *New York Tribune*) follows the schools of menhaden, mackerel, bonito, and bluefish, upon which they feed. In feeding they rise beneath the school, striking to the right and left with their swords until they have killed a number, which they then proceed to devour at their leisure. When angered, the swordfish, owing to its great strength and terrible weapon, is able and anxious to inflict serious damage upon its persecutors. Many instances have been reported where it has attacked vessels and boats. In 1871 the English ship *Queensberry* was struck by a swordfish, the sword penetrating to a depth of 30in., causing a leak which made necessary the discharge of the cargo. One of the Gloucester fishing schooners, while on a trip to George Banks in 1875, was attacked by a swordfish in the night time. He assailed the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of the planks some 2ft., and, after making fearful struggles to extricate himself, broke the sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. Even with the sword in the vessel it leaked badly, requiring pretty lively pumping to keep her free. The brig *P. M. Tinker*, in 1876, was struck by a swordfish. The sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a 4in. birch plank, and through the timbers about 6in.—in all about 10in. The crew had to pump steadily until port was reached. In September, 1903, the Gloucester fishing schooner, *Emily Cooney*, had an exciting encounter with a swordfish. While going through the South Channel three swordfish were espied, and the vessel ran down among them, and one was harpooned. Immediately another monster fish appeared. At first he made off at a tangent from the craft, and then, as if angered, turned, and with a terrific rush made direct for the vessel. Diving about 3ft. below the surface, he struck the craft with such force that the sword penetrated the 2½in. oak plank into the ceiling, and a foot of the blade was broken off. The blow was felt all over the vessel. One of the crew below had just moved from where he was sitting, and a moment later the sword was driven directly through the spot where he sat. The vessel began to leak, and the captain decided to run for port. When put on the marine railways it was found that the plank pierced by the sword had been badly shattered.

Photo, Pictorial News.

AMERICAN SHOOTING TEAM IN ENGLAND: The team of the 7th Regiment of the New York National Guard, who arrived in London this week. They are to compete with a team of the Queen's Westminsters for a challenge shield offered by Sir Howard Vincent, M.P. The team consists of eight men, but only the six best scores will count; the distances are 500, 600, 800, and 1,000 yards.

Photo, C. H. Park.

THE WOODFORD MEET: This meet of cyclists in fancy dress, which took place last week in aid of hospital funds, was the largest ever held in this country, over 1,000 persons taking part. Our picture shows some of the varied costumes worn.

Mr. Hall Caine's Parallels.

Charles Kingsley wrote best before he had reached his majority, Smollett wrote "Roderick Random" at twenty-six, Dickens produced "Oliver Twist" at the same age. At twenty-five Goethe had already written "The Sorrows of Werther," and Lord Lytton his first novel, and so it goes. As for myself, I have just about got to the half-century mark.—Hall Caine.

Manufacturers, Take Thought.

One of the best pieces of commercial news that has been published for "an eternity or two" is the announcement that a Manufacturers' Association for Great Britain is at last really in course of formation. It will be modelled on the lines of the associations which assist business enterprise in Canada and the United States, and will set itself a number of useful objects. One of them—perhaps the most immediately practical and prospectively advantageous of the lot—is the appointment of correspondents in all parts of the world to report on openings for trade and on local changes and conditions. If the British manufacturer will read, mark, and learn the teachings of such reports, his reproach will be cleared away. For he will no longer persist in sending goods of a particular pattern into places which urgently require another pattern and will be content with none other. The association should have been founded years ago, but it is not yet too late for it to have an immense effect upon British industry.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MRS. PATRICK KIRWAN'S Idyllic Players performing in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Royal Botanical Gardens.

Photo, Bassett.

A PASTORAL PLAY AT WIMBLEDON: A scene from the "Twelfth Night," which was played by Miss Bessie's company in the grounds of Wimbledon College. Mr. Orlando Barnett as the clown, Miss Olive Noble as Olivia, and Miss Helen Haye as Viola. The proceeds of the performance have been handed to St. Winifred's New Church Building Fund.

Photo, C. B. Park.

A FAMOUS BAND, COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WORKING MEN: This Lancashire band, the "Besses o' th' Barn," played at Windsor by Royal command last week, and appeared at the Trocadero, Paris, on Saturday and Sunday last. Afterwards a tour of France was commenced, including visits to Marseilles, Lyons, and Dieppe. They return to England on Monday.

The Besses o' th' Barn Band.

The Besses o' th' Barn band was greeted by the French President in Paris in striking fashion, telephones the *Express* Paris correspondent. The band played in the Tuileries Gardens during an exhibition of military gymnastics by the Union of Military Schools. Mr. Owen, the conductor, and several members of the band had already passed President Loubet on their way to the band-stand, when he sent a message to say that he wished to be introduced to them. The band then formed up in a circle and played a march, which they followed up with the "Marseillaise." At the President's request they then played "God Save the King." President Loubet then congratulated Mr. Iles and Mr. Owen on the excellent performance. He was glad, he said, to make the acquaintance of British workmen with so beautiful a temperament. The visit to Paris has been a great success. They were enthusiastically greeted at the Trocadero on Saturday afternoon by an audience which included the British Ambassador and Lady Bertie.

Naval Volunteers at Sea.

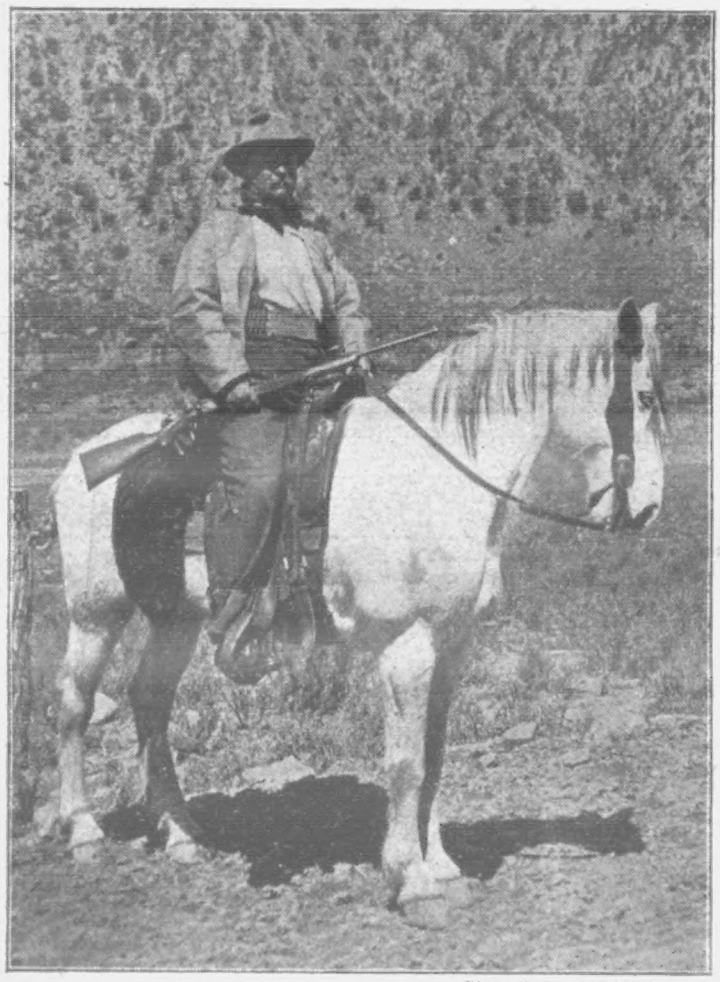
The London Naval Volunteers who have been to sea in the Portsmouth reserve squadron for the first time finished their cruise last Friday. The official report says that their conduct both aboard and ashore has been admirable, and that they settled down to their life on the lower deck without any difficulty. In fact, officers and men liked naval life so well that many of them were willing to prolong their trainingtrying period.

The Strenuous Curate.

A good story of a muscular curate comes to hand. An enfeebled vicar in a western diocese advertised for a curate, who had to be "physically strong and active." At a quarter to nine on the following morning the vicar was surprised at breakfast by the intrusion of a tall and vigorous clergyman in bicycling costume, who would not be denied. He was a curate, whose vicar had just died. He had read the advertisement the night before, and, getting on his bicycle at 5 a.m., rode the thirty miles between him and the advertiser. He asked for breakfast and an engagement, and got both.

Photo, Barrett.

A DODGE THAT FAILED. This is a snapshot of a tramp who tore his clothes up in pieces when in the workhouse and was given a sack and turned out. It is a favourite dodge for tramps to destroy their clothes, as they sometimes get a better suit given them. This man was however disappointed.



Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT: A unique snapshot of Mr. Roosevelt in hunting costume, taken in Colorado.

A Bed Lined with Sovereigns.

A singular discovery has just been made at Ashford, in Kent. An elderly man, who had for many years been employed as a travelling foreman by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, and had recently retired, lived with his daughter in a quiet street of the town. His mind becoming impaired, he was removed to the county asylum. When he had left, his daughter proceeded to put his bedroom straight, when, to her surprise, she found that the bed was lined with sovereigns, the total amounting to £1,000. The money has been lodged in one of the local banks.

Chauffeur Sent to Prison.

Rocco Cornalbas, Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth's Spanish chauffeur, was found guilty at Hertford Assizes on Monday of the manslaughter of the child Willie Clifton, at Markyate, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. The end of the trial was rather dramatic. Mr. Justice Bray, no doubt bent upon counteracting any prejudice which might exist against Cornalbas, summed up with an impartiality which bordered upon favour to the prisoner. He discounted much of the evidence against him, and when he ended many in court expected that the jury would at once give a verdict of not guilty. For five minutes the jury sat in their box with their heads together. Then they retired for twenty minutes, and as they walked back into court Cornalbas smiled, and clearly anticipated acquittal. When the verdict of "Guilty" was announced he seemed taken by surprise, and the sentence quite overwhelmed him.

The King and His Cadets.

The Royal Military College at Sandhurst received on Monday its first visit from a reigning sovereign since Queen Victoria was there in 1858. The King praised the cadets for their smartness, which, he said, was satisfactory to him, and gratifying to those who instructed them. Before dismissing the parade he said, "You will remember that nowadays much is expected of the British officer, and I would urge you to make good use of your time, to learn all you can, and to pass as good an examination as you can. In this way you will be a credit to yourselves and to whatever regiment or corps you may enter. You have my best wishes for the present and for the future. With such a fine body of young men as I see before me to-day there is every prospect that the British Army will accomplish whatever it is called upon to perform." A tour of inspection of the college buildings was then made, in the course of which the King visited two of the cadets' messrooms, the library, halls of study, and B Company's quarters. The King also visited the college church, which is full of memorials to Sandhurst trained officers who have fallen in war.

Officer Killed by Tiger.

Captain Jocelyn Mellor, of the 113th Battery R.F.A., writes the *Express* Madras correspondent, has died, after a few days' illness, at Secunderabad, as the result of injuries inflicted by a tiger which he had shot and only wounded. The tiger was afterwards killed by Captain Symon. Their native driver had to ride fifty-two miles to summon assistance to bring Captain Mellor to hospital.

A Seaside Camp for East-end Waifs and Strays at Hayling Island.

There is an interesting seaside camp at Hayling Island. In the centre of the island is the large marquee in which the children "mess," for the entire organisation is on military principles, from the scarlet of the children's blouses to the bugle-like blow of a whistle by the teachers in charge of them. When the weather is unpropitious the girls are allowed to play in the tent after meals are over and all is cleared up, a duty which is equally imposed upon everyone. The cleansing of body, cooking utensils, and plates and dishes is carried on in an improvised lavatory, constructed out of the remains of an old railway carriage, while close by is the kitchen apparatus and the zinc-roofed larder, &c. A yacht is moored alongside the bank on the eastern side of the camp, and in this are placed the beds in which the sixty-odd children sleep, some ranged in horizontal rows on the floor, and others raised slightly higher like berths on board ship. Again, there is the all-predominant red—red blankets, red coverlets, red counterpanes, red everything; in fact, the sleeping apartment is a perfect study in scarlet and cleanliness. At 7 a.m. sounds the reveille, and everyone rises, and, while the morning ablutions are proceeding, the "orderlies" see that the beds are properly aired and made. Each girl has to see that everything is properly restored to her kit bag. Then comes breakfast, after which a start is made for the church, the morning service at 9.30 a.m. being always attended. Games, paddling, or any form of recreation considered correct by the ladies are then indulged in, and at 12.30 dinner—a hearty meal. A walk, too, before or after tea is the general rule.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

An interesting snapshot of His Grace The Duke of Portland with his trainer at Ascot.

The Fox and the Rabbit.

"While strolling about with a rook rifle one afternoon trying to shoot a few young rabbits," writes a correspondent of the *Field*, "I managed to creep within 20yds. of a small spinney, near which several were feeding. I had selected one, and was just 'drawing a bead' on it, when a vixen fox came suddenly round the corner, and, after crouching a moment, with brush in air, sprang on the very rabbit at which I was aiming and apparently killed it with one crunch of her jaws, for there was no sound from the victim. I remained perfectly still, and at that moment the fox looked up, and if ever astonishment was depicted on the face of an animal it was then on hers. With true vulpine cunning, however, while keeping an eye on me, she proceeded to shake the rabbit two or three times, as a terrier would a rat, and then, after taking one more steady look at me, very leisurely trotted off with her prey to the breeding earth some quarter-mile away, stopping two or three times to look round. This was in broad daylight, within 100yds. of the home farm, where work was going on, and not much further from the garden and tennis-ground, where people and dogs were about."

Big Ben's Green Face.

Arising out of the suggestion of Colonel Welby that a signal should be shown on the clock tower when a division is expected in the House of Commons, some experiments were made last week. The west face of Big Ben was illuminated with a green light in lieu of the usual white. It was found to be effective, the colour being distinctly perceptible from a considerable distance. Other hues will, however, be tried before a decision is come to.

Should Have Asked the Girl.

A duel which took place at Eagle Pass, Texas, between two suitors for the hand of Miss Lecita Gonzales, resulted in the death of both principals. "Why didn't they ask me?" said the girl when she heard of the occurrence. "I love somebody else."

Photo, Cribb.

A SEASIDE CAMP FOR EAST-END WAIFS AND STRAYS AT HAYLING ISLAND: Skipping in the camp.

RACING PIGEONS.

The Poor Man's Sport.

This is the pigeon-racing season, and last week thousands of birds were liberated from different points in the United Kingdom and abroad. On Saturday, June 17, no fewer than 30,000 pigeons were sent off from Ventnor, Guernsey, Jersey, St. Malo, and Rennes, to home to Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Birmingham, and London.

Crossing the Channel is a severe test for the birds, and, owing to the weather, the race was not very successful, some thousands of the birds going astray.

Photo, Bowden.

A PIGEON POST: A blue-chequer hen flown from Shetland Isles which came second in the Grand National races.

The success of the Alexandra Palace Homing Society is remarkable, and a good number of the birds got home from Newcastle on the day of the toss. This club looks like showing the best velocities of the London homing societies.

Manchester District Federation's race from Swindon in the two sections—north and south—resulted in Stretford obtaining five of the highest velocities in the first ten birds. In the south section Alderley Edge got seven out of ten in the first placed. Three thousand odd birds took part in the race, and Glover, of Hulme, obtained an easy first by 1,454yds. a minute speed.

The racing-pigeon is the poor man's racehorse. Many a working man's backyard or housetop is sacred to the welfare of a stud of racing-pigeons of the bluest blood; and when we take our walks abroad many a flight of pigeons we see circling over our heads are possessed of pedigrees teeming with famous winners and going back many, many generations to their early Belgian ancestors.

It is to the breeding, training, and racing of this wonderfully clever pigeon that thousands of working men devote their leisure. Many hundreds of clubs and amalgamations of clubs known as federations are in existence all over the country. Races are flown every Saturday from May right on into the first week or two of September, and the distances flown range from 50 to 600 miles according to the time of year and the age of the competing birds.

An interesting series of experiments is shortly to be made in France as to the possibility of using pigeons in relays so as to make them a valuable reserve in case of the breakdown of telegraphs and telephones in remote places, especially in the colonies, where the collapse of a couple of wires or posts may mean the isolation of important centres for weeks. The first essays will take place in France next month, and will resolve themselves into a speed contest between east and west, over a series of circuits, extending to about 1,200 miles, the distance being covered within 48 hours. The next tests will be over more scattered regions in Algeria.

Mr. A. H. Osman, editor of the *Racing-Pigeon*, says that the breeding of pigeons is a very simple matter, and the hobby can be indulged in by most people who have a spare loft or suitable place to keep the birds. Naturally they require to be kept perfectly clean and healthy, and for racing purposes they must be exercised regularly by their owners exactly in the same manner as racehorses have to be exercised preparatory to running a race, and, in addition to the exercise which is taken at home by flying round in circles, their training has to be most carefully and methodically carried out.

In an interesting article which appeared in *Fry's Magazine* last year, Mr. Osman said that it takes from four to five years to make a really good racing-pigeon. They cannot be bred in incubators, but have to be hatched by their parents, a process which takes eighteen days' sitting. Twenty-eight days after hatching the young bird can look after itself. When five or six weeks old the first attempt at training is made. They are allowed to observe their habitation and its surroundings without interference, and they then begin to make tours round their home.

It is then that their owner begins gradually to educate their minds as to what will be required of them in their future life. At about twelve weeks old they are placed in special baskets manufactured for the purpose, and taken about a mile away from their home, the wisest policy being to liberate them one at a time. Small circles are made by the bird upon being released, and, having sighted some familiar object, it flies towards the loft. Here the owner is usually in waiting with a little tempting seed to encourage the novice to enter without hesitation, for it must be remembered that in pigeon-racing the time lost by pigeons upon the housetops after arrival from a race counts against the owner's chance of success. This sort of thing is repeated frequently, the distance being increased according to the capacity of the several birds. At five months old a pigeon should be able to fly from 100 to 150 miles with ease. The longest distances are not expected of birds till they are in their third season. Then they may be tried over 400 miles, and even further. Well-trained pigeons may be of the utmost service to an army in the field. They were successfully used by the French army in the Franco-German War, and carried news to and from Paris when no other means of communication was safe.

Photo, Bowden.

A PIGEON POST: Sending off racing results to a daily paper.

In the Boer War they also rendered signal service, for during five or six weeks Ladysmith could only send news to Durban and other places by means of pigeons which Durban fanciers had fortunately sent into Ladysmith before the siege. There are at the present time many keen breeders of these birds in South Africa, and a number of lofts have been established there, so that no difficulty would be experienced in establishing an auxiliary pigeon service throughout the greater part of South Africa, should the same at any time be required.

THE DEATH TOLL OF THE ALPS.

THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST IN A YEAR.

Earlier than usual this year death has begun to take its toll of the excursionists in the Alps. On June 17 a party of thirty excursionists were ascending the precipitous Gspaltenhorn when one of them fell into an abyss, dragging two of his comrades with him. All three were killed. The bodies of the victims, who were from Paris, have not yet been recovered.

In 1865 Lord Francis Douglas was killed, with his three companions, on the Matterhorn. His body was never recovered, but it is expected that the glacier will release the remains this summer, and, therefore, his sister, Lady Florence Dixie is appealing to those in the district to watch for the body.

The Alpine clubs are seriously considering the question of invoking the law to check, if possible, the numerous mountain accidents which occur during the holiday season. Every year their total has increased. It is estimated that during the summer of 1904 the fatalities which occurred in the Alps amounted to three hundred. This is an appalling loss of life. Five years ago the number was said to be under fifty. Imprudence, inexperience, and the absence of guides are said to be the three causes which have contributed to the increase of this melancholy list. Among a certain class of holiday-makers death seems to be the only guide. They deliberately take risks more than sufficient to deter the ordinary individual from so foolhardy an enterprise.

To climb Mont Blanc is a noteworthy performance to-day, but in the near future it will be part of the arrangements of every visitor to Switzerland. The French Government last year granted a concession to Messrs. Deraud and Duportal, two well-known engineers, for the construction of an electric railway from the town of Fayet to the summit of Mont Blanc, a height of about three miles. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at £7,000,000. The cost of working, however, is not expected to be great, as with the numerous mountain streams and waterfalls motor force will be very cheap.

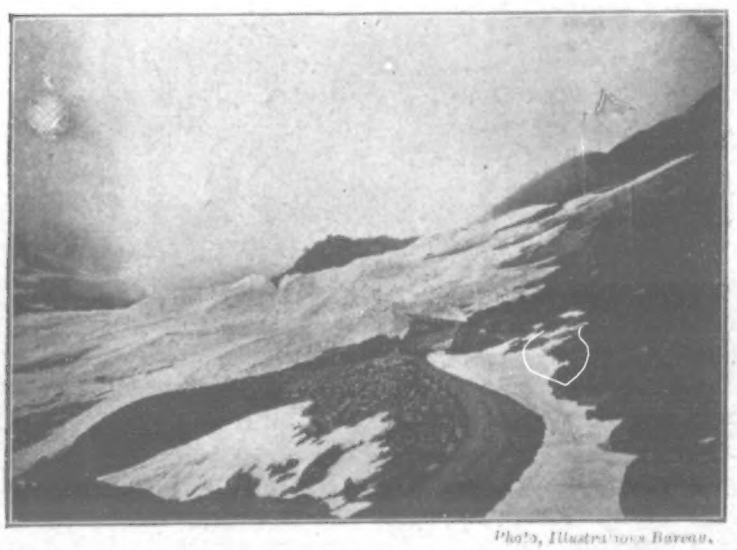
Photo, Ormiston-Smith, Grindelwald.

THE MATTERHORN, 14,780 ft. high: It is expected that the glacier will this year release the body of Lord Francis Douglas, who was killed with three companions in 1865.

The Mont Blanc Railway will differ from similar projects in the fact that only a small part of the journey is to be accomplished by tunnel. The new line will pass through the heart of Fayet and climb the southern slope of the Mont Blanc range, through pleasant meadows, pine forests, and snowy slopes, skirting precipices and glaciers, to the region of eternal snows. The railway has been "staged" with an eye to effect. The stations command magnificent views of Alpine scenery.

In constructing a mountain line of such a length the engineers have to take the precaution that the grade is not too abrupt, so as to allow passengers to become "acclimatised" gradually to the changes of the atmosphere. It has been proved that a horizontal speed of more than a mile an hour is not expedient, and, therefore, engineers, not being compelled to take the shortest route to the summit, have more scope in choosing the ground. If this principle be followed it will take just four hours to cover the distance from Fayet to the roof of Europe, whereas, on foot, the ascent at present takes the greater part of two days. Each section of the line will be opened to the public as soon as it is completed and safe for travelling.

As was to be expected by the heavy snow-falls during the last winter, the avalanches have been particularly numerous this year. The most formidable is without any doubt that which has gone down from the Gerstenhorn on the road of Handegg to Grimsell, on the place designed with Katherichsboden (1,703 m. altitude). This avalanche cut the road for a distance of 600 metres, and attains at several places a thickness of 7 to 8 metres. 120 workmen are occupied in digging out ways to establish the ordinary communication between Handegg and Gletsch. This enterprise will cost the canton of Berne 8,000 fr. The high snow walls between which the travellers must pass shall be for a certain time an attraction of this road, already so interesting.

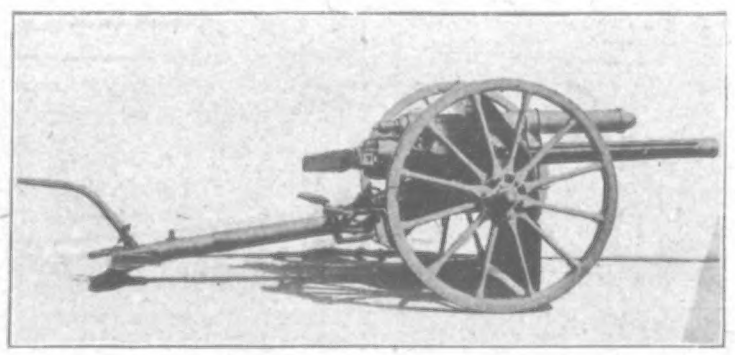


Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

AN AVALANCHE IN THE ALPS: It will be seen that the ice and snow have suddenly buried a large portion of the mountain road, sweeping all before them.

Another Charmed Life.

A correspondent writes us that, when in India, he met an officer in a native cavalry regiment whose record is almost as remarkable as that of Petty Officer Waller, noted last week, and of whom we published a portrait. His first adventure consisted in being on the top of an omnibus upset somewhere in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly twelve or thirteen years ago. Several people were seriously hurt on that occasion, but he escaped practically without injury. After that he went out to India in the *Roumania*, which was wrecked off the coast of Portugal. With three or four exceptions, one of which was this officer, every soul on board was drowned. Not long after his arrival in India, when stationed on the frontier, he was attacked by an armed Ghazi (fanatic) when quite unarmed himself. Such encounters usually end disastrously for the white man, but the officer succeeded in worsting his assailant, with very little damage to himself, and lived to see him hanged. In consequence of all these adventures, he was a person of some celebrity.



The new 18-pounder quick-firing gun for the Royal Field Artillery, photographed at Woolwich Arsenal specially for the "P.I.P."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

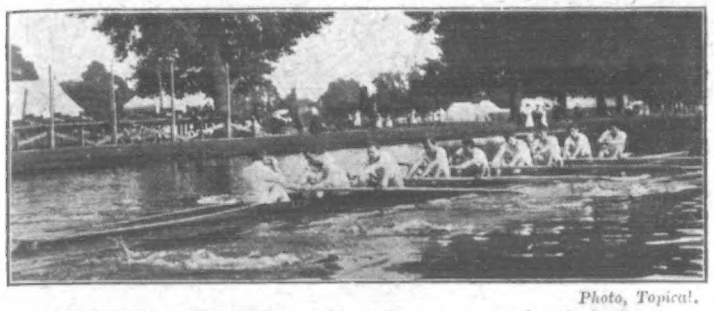
CRICKET.

Nobody suspected that Essex would be able to repeat their victory of 1899 over the Australians at Leyton, but they managed to do so, though the margin last Saturday was reduced to the narrow limits of 19 runs. It was an exciting match all through, and the curious part about it is that, while the pitch was good, the bowlers had the best of the argument. Some of the players I chatted with after the match were quite enthusiastic about the bowling of Buckenham and Tremlin, whose performances, they said, were infinitely better than even their good figures would lead one to believe. Buckenham was the chief factor in bringing about the first downfall of the Australians against a county side this season, his capture of twelve wickets for 137 (to say nothing of his 21 runs without being defeated) being a wonderfully fine record. Tremlin secured eight wickets for 135, and moreover had the unique distinction of bowling unchanged through two innings of the Australians on a hard wicket!

Laver took the bowling honours for the Colonials, as usual, the manager capturing ten wickets for 130 runs, while Hopkins secured nearly all the praise for good batting, though even he was lucky to be missed when 18. However, he played a grand game for his side on Saturday, carrying out his bat for 67. Really, I don't see how he is to be left out of the team to play in the third test match next week at Leeds. Everyone is looking eagerly forward to that great fixture, and the fact that Essex could win in little over two days should lend additional encouragement to England's chosen team. But Trumper, Armstrong, and Kelly were not playing at Leyton; whereas Leeds is sure to see them in harness.

In addition to the test match, next week will be big with the fate of the 'Varsity encounter. One scarcely knows how to write about the prospects of two such erratic sides as Oxford and Cambridge have shown themselves to be this season. True, the rival captains have been handicapped by constantly having to change their teams owing to unavoidable absentees; but, granting all this the displays have not been calculated to inspire a feeling of confidence in either side's capabilities. In E. W. Mann, the Cantabs have a captain who sets an admirable example, and he holds by far the best batting average of any 'Varsity man in residence. W. M Payne is a better-class wicket-keeper, and an infinitely superior bat to the Dark Blue stumper, while in G. G. Napier the Cantabs probably possess the best bowler at either seat of learning. Still one can never tell what will happen in cricket, and we have only to recall the deeds of such eleventh-hour choices as Lord G. Scott, E. Crawley, and G. O. Smith to show how very uncertain 'Varsity men are in our most uncertain game of cricket. If I were obliged to take one side it would be Cambridge.

Middlesex are nothing if not erratic. Early in the season, with some of their best players away, they lost three matches off the real, and those their three first engagements. Now they are carrying all before them. Last week's work was enough to satisfy the greatest glutton among that county's admirers, for they had the great satisfaction of beating Surrey, and later on of disposing of Kent. James Douglas made a welcome reappearance at Lords, and with a fine innings of 116 (not out) in the second innings of the



Photo, Topical.

HENLEY REGATTA: The Vesper crew, in their boat "Volante," taking a practice spin over the course.

winners, he had not a little to do with the victory. At Tonbridge, the "googlies" of Bosanquet were the prime factor in the hop county's defeat.

The game between Worcestershire and Lancashire was drawn, and what more fitting termination to a great match in which the honours were as nearly as possible evenly divided. Spooner seems to have recovered his form, for his 82 was a splendid exhibition (and was followed on Monday with 164 against Notts); but the honours of the match belong to L. O. S. Poidevin. The little Australian wonder played exceptionally well, as following an innings of 76 in the first innings of the county of the red rose he played in magnificent form for 168 in their second, and carried his bat. Moreover he captured eight wickets for 66 runs.

H. K. Foster played a brilliant innings of 135 in Worcestershire's second innings. It is really remarkable how cricket runs in families. Not one of the Fosters could be a bad cricketer if he tried, and "H. K." is one of the most polished and effective run-getters of the lot. In the days of old we had the Studds, the Lyttletons, and the Steels, with others of the like, and the Fosters are worthy successors to them. Young Pearson played well for 86, and it may be of interest to mention that Surrey did not think him worthy of a trial after the colts' match, although Mitcham is the village of his birth. Hence his migration to Worcester.

The Surrey and Derbyshire match was a notable event in many ways. It gave Goatly the opportunity of making his first score of over a hundred in first-class cricket, and his 147 (not out) was a real gem. It brightened up what was until his advent a rather dull game. E. M. Ashcroft batted well in Derbyshire's first innings, but with the exception of L. G. Wright, who played very fine cricket for his 83, the rest collapsed badly, and the victory rested with the Oval team by 235 runs.

Cambridge University will have to do better than they did against Sussex at Brighton, if they are to beat Oxford at Lords. Although without C. B. Fry, the county always held the upper and gained an easy victory. In the second innings of the 'Varsity, only L. G. Colbeck offered any effective resistance to the Sussex bowlers.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The summer meeting of the London Athletic Club was chiefly remarkable, apart from some excellent racing, from the fact that in not one of the three challenge cups did the holders retain their trophies. The Rev. H. W. Workman did not defend his title in the half-mile, which was won by another Cambridge "blue"—R. P. Crabbe, in the fast time of 1min. 59⅗secs. Tremeer was beaten in the 100yds., and J. B. Densham lost the hurdles through falling.

The time-honoured throwing the hammer, though considered by some an obsolete sport, still finds a place in the programme of the best clubs, especially where the 'Varsity element preponderates. At Stamford Bridge last Saturday A. E. Flaxman hurled the missile 119ft. 7in., and beat W. E. B. Henderson, of Oxford U.A.C., and E. Parrett, of the City Police A.C. J. Austin Miller won the 100yds. challenge cup, but he only did "half-second," and the time for the hurdles challenge cup was also slow.

The open handicap at 100yds. was won by H. W. Monroe, of the University College A.C., 6½yds. start, and the half-mile, open to members of the Stock Exchange, was secured by H. N. Duke. The 120yds. hurdles handicap went to C. R. Grace, of the University College A.C., and Jupp's team beat Tremeer's in the relay race. E. Barrett, of the City Police A.C., put the weight, 39ft. 9in., and W. E. B. Henderson secured first prize in the high jump, with a leap of 5ft. 3¾in.

A recent winner in J. P. George, of the South London Harriers, ran very well in the quarter of a mile, and added to his stock of prizes by winning from the 15yds. mark in 50sec. The mile handicap was secured by D. Dillon, of the Hampton Harriers, who had a start of 170yds. A 150yds. handicap for boys was won by Guy Bason, with little Reg Fowden second.

The Scottish Amateur Championships were held at Ibrox Park. J. P. Stark won the 100yds. in a yard worse than ten seconds, and he further accounted for the 220 yards. W. Anderson, of the Bellahouston Harriers, won the half-mile in the Scottish record time of 1min. 56 4-5sec., and the mile was secured by J. B. McGough, of the same club. S. Stevenson, of Clydesdale, was first in the four miles, and R. S. Stronach did a fast 120yds. hurdles, his time being 16sec. W. Halswell was first in the quarter, and the four miles saw J. Macnamara first past the post. The four miles walk was won by R. Quinn, of Motherwell, and the field events resulted as follows: Throwing the hammer, T. R. Nicholson, West of Scotland H., 153ft. 3in.; putting the weight, by the same athlete, 42ft. 4¼in.; high jump, J. Milne, Dundee, 5ft. 9in.; long jump, H. McDonald, New Park, 21ft. 9in.

HENLEY REGATTA.

Henley Regatta begins on Tuesday, and there is every prospect of this water-carnival being the most successful of recent years.

The complete list is a record in point of numbers. There are altogether fifty-seven entries, compared with forty-four last year. So numerous, indeed, are the entries for the Diamond Challenge Sculls and the Thames Challenge Cup that it has been found necessary to decide some of the preliminary heats on July 3.

There is not much doubt that to the ordinary individual one of the most picturesque features of Henley Regatta is the long floating street of houseboats and launches, stretching away from the winning-post to Temple Island. Unfortunately, we gather from the list of stations on the course issued by the Thames Conservancy that only twenty launches and twenty-one houseboats have applied for places, says a writer in the *Globe*. This list is a comparatively meagre one, and as the allotment of stations is based on the contributions to the regatta fund, the subscriptions must naturally have fallen off in consequence.

Of course, the expense of taking a houseboat to Henley is considerable, and the chief cause of the falling off in the number of launches is the objection to the rule that makes it necessary for launches to be in their places before the first day of the regatta. There seems to be no reason why launches should not be allowed to take up their allotted stations each day about 10 a.m., and to leave after the racing is over. If this was done, many more owners would probably apply for places. The chief cause is the falling off in the number of houseboats, or the objection raised locally to the cheerfulness and joviality which generally characterise their occupants. People in a houseboat are there to enjoy themselves, and the attempt to restrict them has only resulted in the driving of them elsewhere.

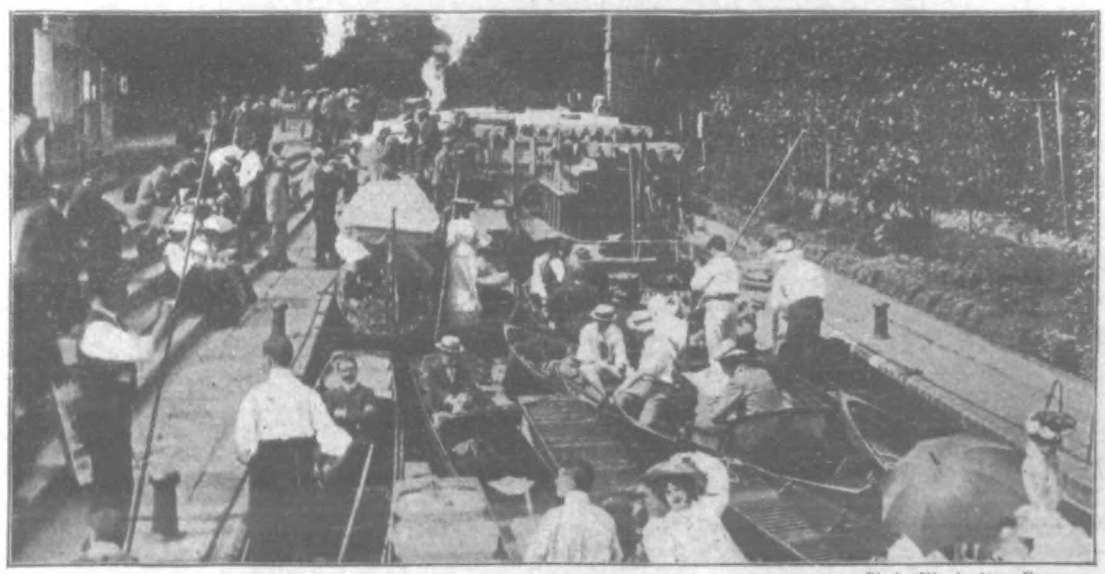
Photo, Bowden Bros.

THE L.A.C. SUMMER MEETING: Mr. R. P. Crabbe finishing first in the 880yds. race for the Challenge Cup.

The origin of our most popular summer river festival is due to the interesting account given by Lady Montague of a regatta or fête held on the water which she had witnessed at Venice, says *Morley's Weekly*. This made the English people of fashion anxious to have something of the same kind on the Thames. After much preparation and many disappointments caused by unfavourable weather (they had "weather" then, it seems), the long-looked-for show took place on June 23, 1775—exactly 130 years ago. The programme was submitted to the public a month before, requesting ladies and gentlemen to arrange their own parties, or else to apply to the manager of the regatta for seats in the barges lent by the several City companies for the occasion. The "rowers" (as the oarsmen were called) were to be uniformly dressed in white, red, and blue. The white division was to take up a position at the two arches on each side of the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, the red division at the four arches next the Surrey shore, and the blue at the four arches on the Middlesex side of the river. (Old Westminster Bridge must thus have consisted of thirteen arches.) The company were to embark between five and six in the evening, and all the boats were to move up the river in procession. Early in the afternoon the river from London Bridge to Millbank was crowded with pleasure boats, and stands gaily decorated with flags, were erected wherever a view of the river could be obtained. Half-a-guinea was charged for a seat on a coal barge. Concerts were held under the arches of Westminster Bridge, a salute of cannon announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor, a race between boats competing for prizes followed, and then the picturesque procession moved up the river. Rather different from Henley in 1905!

Photo, Bowden.

PRACTISING FOR HENLEY REGATTA: The Leander Crew paddling downstream.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE RIVER SEASON: A snapshot of Boulter's Lock last Sunday.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"Guinevere" is a new all-English opera with which an interesting experiment in production is to be made. Founded on the Arthurian legend, its libretto has been written by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and its music composed by Mr. Vincent Thomas, who in his business moments is a clerk at the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury. Mr. Thomas is a musician of considerable attainments, and those who heard a previous opera by him spoke hopefully of his future as a composer. It remains to be seen whether "Guinevere" will realise that hope. Mr. Thomas is taking the novel course of venturing to produce the opera on his own responsibility at some West-end theatre not yet fixed. He has many friends, and it is believed that a sufficient number of seats will be guaranteed in advance for several performances to secure him against financial loss. It is settled that Mr. Whitney Tew will create the rôle of Merlin, and Mr. Thomas hopes to be able to supervise personally the production of the opera.

According to the New York *World* Mrs Langtry, the famous actress, is to appear on the variety stage in New York for the space of ten weeks in the autumn at a weekly salary of £500. She has entered into a joint contract, says the *World*, with three theatrical managers, and will divide her time among their houses, appearing in short monologues.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who is just back from Paris, has seen Mlle. Bartet, of the Français, in "Le Duel," the piece which he will present in London a little later. He is enchanted with Mlle. Bartet as the Duchess. "It is a difficult part to play," says Mr. Bourchier; "difficult in this way—it is not a bit 'actor-proof,' so much creation is needed on the part of the actress. Watching Bartet, I realised the responsibilities of the critic." Her great scene is played with her back to the audience. Someone is talking to her, yet, watching the back of the actress, the spectator knows exactly what she is feeling, and follows the tumult in her mind. "I have seen nothing like it," said Mr. Bourchier, "since Jefferson gave us his great back-view scene in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

Mr. Bourchier was much struck with the way the French actors "took the curtain" at the end of each act. There were imperative "calls," and there was the company ranged like Christy minstrels bowing and smiling to the audience. In the broken illusion Mr. Bourchier found a lesson. Since his return to the Garrick he has determined to try the exact opposite. One will watch with interest to see if the hint Mr. Bourchier has taken at the Français is adopted by his brother managers. Whatever preserves the illusion makes for the concentration of attention on the play. Mr. Bourchier holds that no acknowledgment of applause, no breaking in on the story, should be permitted. Nothing should happen in the front of the curtain until the last word of the play is spoken.

"Actresses, conscious that they are wearing fashionable costumes in which it is necessary they should show off to advantage, have of recent years ignored the most simple and the first rules of dramatic art," says Mr. Harry Furniss in the *Gentlewoman*. "No actor or actress, for instance, should, in addressing another on the stage, turn his or her back to the audience and speak over the shoulder, but should always face the audience, keeping the head turned towards the character addressed. Observance of this elementary rule of stage-craft would, however, militate against the display of costume aimed at by the actresses, and appreciated by a large proportion of the spectators. I was about to say audience, but this would be a misnomer. The actress must give her skirts the proper twirl, and she knows that the train expanded at her back is of more importance than the tale unfolded in the play, than the train of thought in the author's mind, for many have come to see her gowns and their graceful curves rather than to hear her lines. Therefore she moves and stands so as to show off the former, even when attitude makes the latter inaudible. Even the stage picture as such must suffer rather than the stage fashion-plate. In kneeling, for instance, the knee next the audience should be on the ground, giving a graceful sweep to the gown; yet that simple rule is ignored if, in the event of its being obeyed, the dress would not be seen to advantage. Perhaps, however, some of the 'actresses' do not know the rules, for the 'profession' is recruited from the drawing-room, and the recruits often are hardly drilled at all."

Mr. George Edwardes appears in the *Pall Mall Magazine* as the champion of musical comedy, and it must be confessed he hits hard and spares neither friend nor foe. His attacks on the advocates of the "legitimate drama" are lively in the extreme, as, for example, in the following passage: "As a rule, your actor manager wants to play the *tête-rôle* himself. No wonder good plays are scarce when authors have to aim at gratifying the actor instead of amusing or edifying the public. When managers put on a comedy they spend perhaps two weeks and four hundred pounds upon the production. At the Gaiety it takes us at least four months to prepare a piece, and we have to spend anything between six and ten thousand pounds. We hear a great deal about the wonderfully high motives of these gentlemen, and nobody doubts their *bona fides*; but why should they deny the value of our humble efforts in the cause of art? We labour abundantly to give the public the very best that is to be had—beautiful scenery, bright singing, cheerful music, and the best acting obtainable." Besides making out a good case on behalf of the despised but still popular form of entertainment, Mr. Edwardes touches up the "National Theatre" project in a manner that reminds me of the late Mr. John Hollingshead, a manager who saw more "ups and downs" than any theatrical manager I can remember. He says the advocates of a national theatre "want to force on to the modern stage a succession of dull and recondite plays which nobody wishes to see," and I may add, in support of Mr. Edwardes, that not only are the old and recondite plays dull, but they are frequently too coarse and indecent for modern playgoers. Take many of Congreve's and Wycherley's comedies. It was said of these delectable pieces that ladies sat in the boxes "and blushed behind their fans" at the filthy dialogue. We truly do not want such plays revived under the pretence that they represent our national drama.

In a New York paper Miss Katie Barry has lately written a clever article on English versus American humour. Miss Barry, of course, defends the English stage against the common idea in America that Englishmen have no humour. She writes: "Do you suppose that on the other side they would laugh at an Irishman made up with green whiskers? Certainly not. The certainty that no man ever born had green whiskers would rob the jest of its point. When I first came over I arrived at the conclusion that in New York nothing was judged so witty as the spectacle of a fat man falling down. I am not so radical now, but I still believe English audiences are keener in appreciating real humour than their cousins on the west of the Atlantic." But with all respect to Miss Barry's ideas, have not the Americans a claim for humour that the whole world recognises? What about such authors as Bret Harte and Mark Twain?

We are shortly to have at the Coliseum a burlesque of "Leah Kleschna," by Mr. J. Hickory Wood, which ought to be very funny. Other new attractions will be the street scene in "Faust," with that clever artist, Mr. Lemprière Pringle, as principal singer; and on Monday next a new Swiss musical sketch, written by Mr. Rutland Barrington, and composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter, with Mr. Courtice Pounds in the leading part. On Monday, also, Mr. Cecil Raleigh's dramatic sketch, "The Diamond Express," will be in the regular bill at the Coliseum.

The London theatrical year that is now drawing to an end has been so bad since Christmas as to be described by men of experience as one of the worst for twenty-five years, says the *Daily Mail*. Some of the new plays produced since September made very short struggles against neglect. The shortest run of the season was made by "The Golden Light," which shone only three times, at the Savoy. Other short runs were: "Church and Stage," four nights; "Lady Ben," five; "Jasper Bright," eight; "Renaissance," eight; "Hawthorne, U.S.A.," thirteen; "Miss Wingrove," eleven; "Flute of Pan," fourteen; "Ladyland," fifteen; and "The Diplomatists," twenty-one. "Othello," at the Shaftesbury, and "Hamlet," at the Lyric, were the shortest lived revivals.

"Véronique," produced on May 18 last year, is the longest-running play at present before the public, and "The Walls of Jericho," produced in October, is easily the first of all the plays without music.

The season began on August 27 with the production of "The Chevalier" at the Garrick, and Mr. Shaw, who shared with Mr. J. M. Barrie the honours of being the most "talked about author of the year," seems determined to have the last word with the production of his burlesque tragedy in a booth at the Actors' Orphanage fête in the Botanic Gardens on July 14.

A new baritone made his appearance at the Bechstein Hall last Thursday in the person of Mr. Roy Collier, who is already well known in the provinces, but on this occasion gave his first London concert. Mr Collier has much to recommend him as a concert artiste, being possessed of a well-trained voice of good compass. He sang several little "drawing-room songs" with excellent taste, and was particularly successful in his rousing rendering of "The Swordsman." Mr. Collier ought to be heard of again on the London concert-platform. The other artistes included that wonderful violinist, M. Zacharewitsch, whose playing was enthusiastically received; Miss Holly Charlesworth, a pleasing soprano; and Mr. Charlton Keith, whose piano playing was much appreciated.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

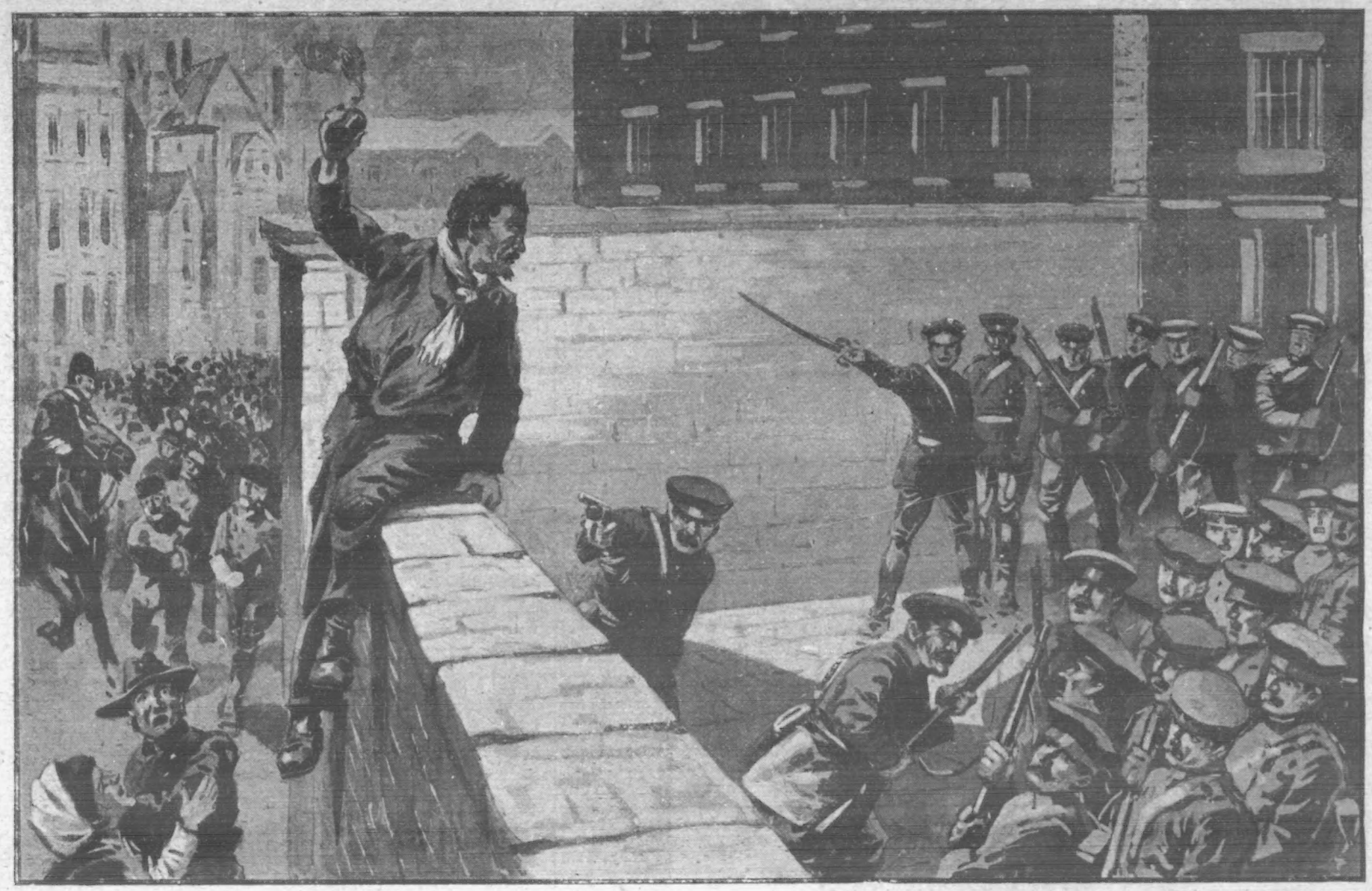
"LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Act 1.—Miss Callish, Mr. Bertram Steer, Miss Lena Ashwell, and Mr. Charles Warner.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

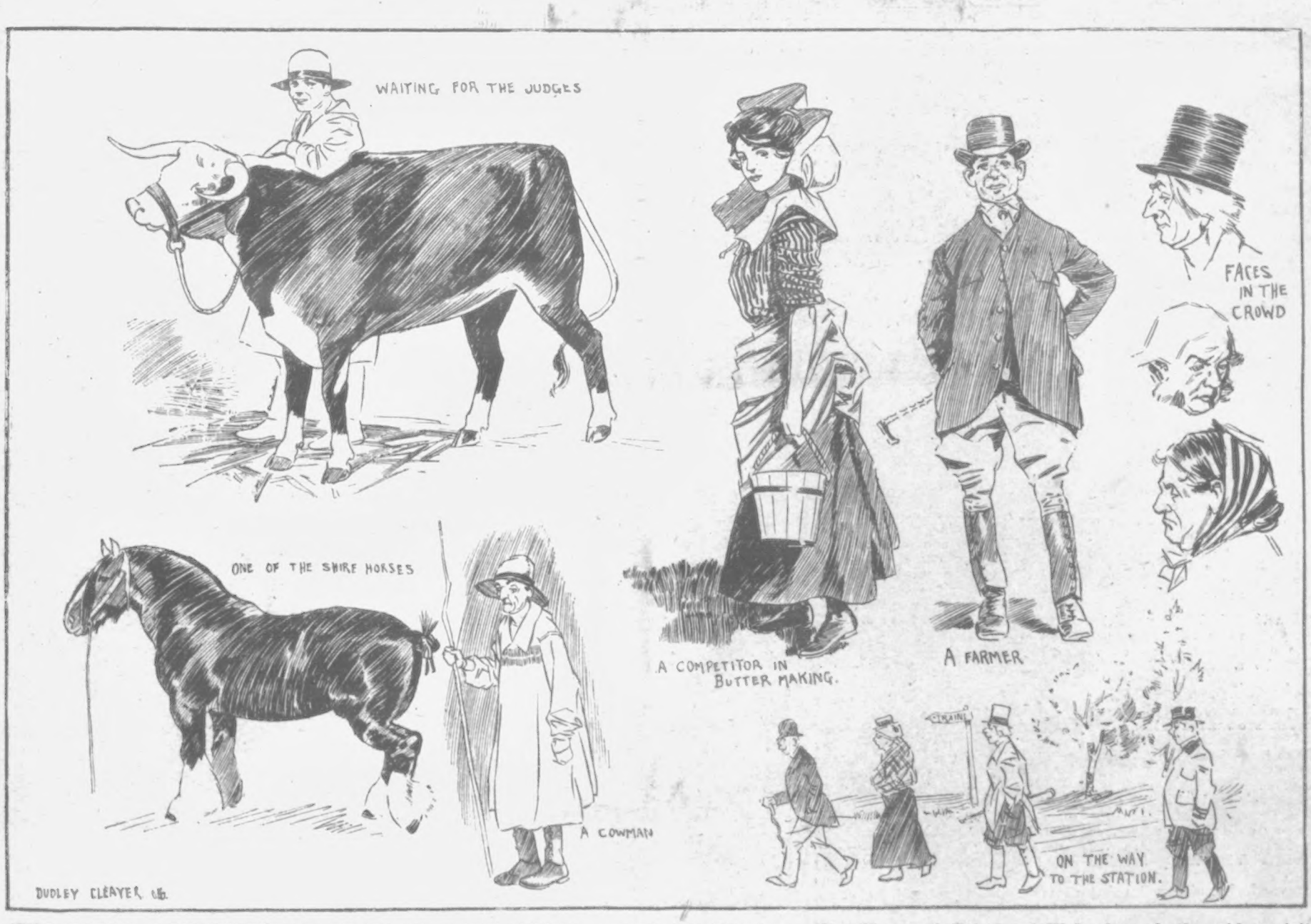
MISS LILY BRAYTON, as Helen Cameron, in "Under Which King?"

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

"LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Act 4.—Mr. Charles Warner, Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. William Devereux, and Mr. Herbert Waring.



THE LODZ MASSACRES: The Russian revolution has broken out afresh in Poland, and hundreds of the inhabitants have been massacred by the troops during the street rioting. At dawn on Friday barricades were hurriedly constructed in the Jewish quarters. Men climbed on to the roofs, destroying the telephone wires, while others cut down the telegraph poles. During the morning two bombs were thrown from the crowd into the barracks, killing and wounding twenty soldiers. Cossacks, dragoons, and infantry charged the crowds time after time, and fired volley after volley. The workmen replied with revolvers from the doorways, windows, and roofs, while some poured vitriol upon the heads of the troops in the streets below. All day long the fighting continued. It was impossible to ascertain the exact number of killed, but it is believed that more than 2,000 persons were killed and wounded.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT PARK ROYAL opened last Tuesday. The King and Prince of Wales have both paid a visit there. Some typical sketches by a "P.I.P." artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Her Husband's Will.

It is not an uncommon thing for a wife to be entirely ignorant of the contents of her husband's will; it is only after his demise that she learns how he has disposed of what the lawyers term his "estate." It is still less common for a wife to have a voice in the proposed disposition of her husband's money; it is usually considered the proper thing for a man to deal with his estate as he pleases, without reference to anyone, and he sometimes includes conditions that are onerous, and to which the widow very unwillingly bows, for the simple reason that she cannot help herself.

Is this fair to the wife? Has she not a moral right, in many instances, to take part in the making of her husband's will? These were the questions urged recently by a wife, and her arguments in support of her contention were interesting.

With the legal aspect of the matter she had nothing to do; legally, he was not bound to consult her, and, on her side, she knew that, if she had possessed money in her own right, she could dispose of it as she desired. So far, it seemed fair to both; but in this case the only money possessed by the couple was that which had been saved during their married life.

It was true that the money had been saved out of the husband's earnings, and had been banked and invested in his name, but the wife declared that the extent of the saving had been considerably increased by her. She had always striven to make home comfortable, and to obtain the maximum of happiness with a minimum of expenditure By her careful household management she had secured her object on a smaller allowance than most of her friends; she had taken her share in the performance of everyday duties in the house, and had thus caused her husband less expense for servants, breakages, and general maintenance. Had she been so minded, she might have spent much more, and her husband would have accepted this increased expenditure as a matter of course. In that event his savings would have been less; hence, by logical reasoning, she had saved a fair share of the amount standing to his credit in the bank or in stocks, and, as a natural consequence, she had a moral right to have a voice in the disposition of the estate.

In the instance of which we are speaking, the husband recognised the truth of the argument, and crossed out the distasteful condition. This incident opens up a wide field of speculation. As a general thing, the wife has good moral grounds for insisting on taking part in the will-making, as she is the one who has to abide by the consequences.

Two Homely Recipes.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Bake some kidney potatoes after washing them. When done cut a piece neatly off the top, scoop out the contents, and add it to an equal quantity of mixed meat flavoured with curry-powder or sweet herbs. Fill the potatoes and return them to the oven to get thoroughly hot and serve.

Hot Pot.—Line a deep pie-dish with slices of raw potato, sprinkle with chopped onion, and then a layer of cold meat cut into inch cubes. Continue till the dish is full, having potatoes last. Bake slowly for two hours and serve. The potatoes should be nice and brown.

The Practical Girl.

The "Practical Girl" is a positive tonic to some people, and rather in the nature of a cold douche to others.

Impressionists and poets regard her scornfully, being of opinion that she's much too cold and material.

But the "Practical Girl" doesn't mind; she wends her way with cheerful optimism.

Her cheerfulness is, indeed, quite one of her characteristics

She never suffers with nerves, or from periodical fits of depression

Her road in life is so very plain before her

She never builds airy castles that fall disconcertingly about her ears; she's too busy with plain facts to indulge in such a useless recreation.

She's even a little too practical at times, crushing light sentimentalism with a cruel hand.

She wants a bed-rock of fact always; something to work upon; and her contempt for flirting is deep-rooted and strong.

The "Practical Girl" has generally a mission, which she prosecutes with unbounded vigour. It is invariably a sensible one.

Her unerring faculty for doing the right thing, and thinking with cool correctness, is almost tiring to persons of a less methodical mind.

Her actions are all carefully considered; her emotions are under a stern control; and she's rarely unconventional.

She sees the inevitable pitfalls of a marriage for love alone.

The "Practical Girl's" husband is chosen with a judicious eye.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

CHATHAM'S BABY MAYORESS: Miss Lulu Driver, 4 years old, who christened the 4-oared racing boat of the Chatham Rowing Club in the presence of a large gathering.

She does not, of course, marry a man she does not love; but she's so eminently sensible that she always manages to love the right sort of man

It happens sometimes that she marries an impractical man. In that case, she either makes him or breaks him

The "Practical Girl" cannot tolerate "flighty" members of her own sex. Her own attitude towards men is one of easy independence.

She's too practical to enjoy a passionate love scene. She would tell a man frankly "I love you," and there would be an end of the matter. Constant repetition of the entrancing words would undoubtedly annoy her. She is, in fine, the epitome of a well-ordered mind.

To get a Cork out of a Bottle.

Let both bottle and cork dry thoroughly, for a dry cork is smaller than a damp one. Take a piece of fine strong twine, make a loop of it by holding the two ends, and then put the loop into the bottle, and move the bottle about till you get the string under the centre of the cork at the neck of the bottle. Then give a careful pull, and the cork will come out.

An Abiding Charm.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.

Thus said the immortal Shakespeare of Cordelia, the faithful daughter of poor old King Lear. How often that saying recurs to me when I hear—would that I might avoid hearing—the loud, hurried, and most inharmonious speech of many of the women I meet.

"Many?" I seem to hear you say, and I must confess that among the ladies of my acquaintence, as well as those I meet casually in shops, restaurants, and other public places, I rarely hear a voice which is not exactly the opposite of the fair Cordelia's.

Nowadays self-advertisement seems to rule voice-production, and women—even ladies—have a painful way of ostensibly speaking to one person, but really seeking to interest everybody within earshot, whether known to them or otherwise. The result is that a voice "soft, gentle, and low" is rarely heard, and it is a pity indeed, for a sweet voice is one of woman's greatest charms, and an abiding one, which she may still retain when her beauty of face and figure have long been forgotten.

No matter what other attractions she may have of beauty, of dazzling wit, or equally dazzling wealth, a woman can never be really fascinating if she lack a pleasant voice. Just think how often you hear people say, "I was charmed with So-and-so till she opened her lips!" Then the spell of physical attraction was utterly destroyed, for the vulgarity of the voice at once betrayed the vulgarity of the nature. On the other hand, one sometimes—rarely, I confess—falls under the spell of a beautiful voice, and, though at the moment that voice may be uttering the merest commonplaces, something makes one long to know its owner. Very likely she may not have the least pretension to beauty, but, no matter what her position in life may be, one may be quite sure that she possesses real refinement. In the sanctuary of home a woman with such a voice will have a wonderful power of soothing a fretful child and cheering and helping on her weary husband. Truly, a voice "ever soft, gentle, and low" is worth cultivating, and the woman who has it will find that she has at her command a means of influence which can never be gained by her harsh or shrill-voiced sister, either in the little kingdom of home or in the big world outside it.

To Chop Mint Quickly.

Before chopping mint for sauce, sprinkle it with sugar. It will then be chopped fine, easily, and quickly.

Onion Soup.

Take five large onions, a quarter of a pound of bread-crusts, a carrot, half a stick of celery, the yolk of an egg, and two dessertspoonfuls of vinegar. Peel and slice the onions, fry them in butter till a nice brown, and put into a stew-pan; cover with five pints of hot water or stock, add the bread-crust, pepper and salt, with the carrot and celery cut into thin slices. Let all cook gently from two to three hours. Ten minutes before serving the soup beat the yolk of the egg, add a little of the soup, and then stir slowly into the soup, and cook gently for a few minutes.

Dusty Velvet.

Dusty velvet may best be cleaned by rubbing it gently, the way of the pile, with a piece of new flannel.

How Should One Govern the Hysterical Child?

Let us face facts. Here is a human being dashed hither and thither by spasmodic feelings, and always to that extent insane, occasionally losing the remotest trace of self-control. Is it not obvious that the mental atmosphere for such a diseased mind should nourish the intellect and the will. We may not neglect the physical side. To ensure sanity and vigour of mind, we must give all due attention to stomach, blood, and brain; but it is not necessary to insist on that which no one disputes. What is very necessary to emphasise is the fact that hysterical children should have every weak display of emotion repressed from the earliest years.

A child pities a beggar. Good! Let the pity translate itself into action; let the child give its own dinner, its own pocket-money, or make some other sacrifice that shall teach it a real lesson. By-and-by, this being repeated, the child will rationally debate whether it *ought* to give. Mere pity, the jest of scoffing fiends, will yield to calm, rational helpfulness. The child will learn its duty to others and to itself.

So with anger. The best argument for an angry child can be advanced by a companion able to fight. The knowledge of solid fact can be conveyed by two bunches of knuckles. Above all things, let the child's religious training be one that shall nourish its cold reason. This is quite compatible with a faith that shall take him to death unfalteringly.

An "Owlet."

In some countries a betrothal is considered only a degree less sacred than a marriage, and, therefore, a breach of promise, especially on the girl's side, is regarded as very shocking.

This is very much the case in Italy, where a girl who after betrothal has changed her mind is known for life as a *civetta* (owlet), and has rarely another chance of matrimony.

The term "owlet" conveys no idea of reproach here, but in Italy it is significant, because owlets are there used for ensnaring other birds.

To keep Milk Sweet.

A tiny pinch of carbonate of soda or salt put into milk as soon as it arrives will help to prevent it turning sour.

French Egg Toast.

French egg toast is good for an invalid. Cut some rather thin slices of bread, toast each on one side only, and butter it, while still hot, on the side which is not toasted. Over this spread a well-beaten egg, nicely seasoned with pepper and salt. Heat this gently before the fire and serve.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, who gave a ball this week at Grosvenor House, at which the King and Queen attended

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

The Popular Girl.

In a play in which Mrs. John Wood acted many years ago one of the things she had to say was this: "Men like unhealthy women!" Perhaps taste has changed since those days. It was nearly twenty years ago. The languid, delicate, sensitive type is not so much in favour now as the vigorous, healthy, bright-eyed, pink-cheeked girl who can swim, golf, drive a team, fish, play hockey, and ride to hounds.—*Boudoir.*

Maternal Moods.

Until her daughters are married no mother is satisfied; before they have departed for the honeymoon she thinks how much better they ought to have done, and the rest of her life she spends lamenting her loneliness without them.—*Ladies' Field.*

Social Make-Believe.

There is an element of the nursery in the diversions of Society. They go to Cowes and play at being sailors, having never been at sea except on a Channel steamer; they go to Ascot and play at being turfites; they go to the Opera and play at being musical critics; they go to salons and play at being politicians.—*World.*

Petticoat Philosophy.

. . . . Books are men of higher stature. And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

* * *

Curiosity has destroyed more women than love.—Mme. de Pinzieux

* * *

Fortune is always on the side of the big battalions.—Mme. de Sévigné.

* * *

Life often seems but a shipwreck, whose fragments are friendship, glory, and love. The shores of life that we pass are covered with these derelicts. —Dame de Staël.

* * *

Ambition alone acquires strength from gratification, after having gained one object, still sees another rise before it, to which it as eagerly pushes on; and the dominion which it usurps over the mind is capable of enduring from youth to extreme age.—Joanna Baillie.

* * *

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves.—Maria Edgeworth.

* * *

Cultivate the habit of detecting the possibilities for good in things and people, also the habit of letting people know how much you like them; it makes the world a pleasanter place.—L. H. M. Soulsby.

* * *

Neither truth nor love are spared their crown of thorns.—Marie Corelli

Of Friendships—Platonic and Otherwise.

Is it because we are growing unromantic that there has lately sprung up a kind of friendship between men and women, which would have surprised — perhaps shocked — our more formal and dignified ancestors? In those days, if a man showed a girl marked attention, he compromised himself; and the businesslike mamma, who was dreadfully officious, either promptly dismissed him, or received him in such a very decided manner, that it was henceforth almost impossible that he should dismiss himself, even if he wanted to. But now that mamma has retired into a much less aggressive place, and young people manage a good deal of their own affairs, we have a friendship between men and girls, which consists, or, at any rate, is supposed to consist, in a sort of comradeship. I think this friendship has only two aspects. In nine cases out of ten it ends in matrimony. But in the tenth case? Well, they do not get engaged; but even this, I argue, is because the girl does not make herself sufficently attractive She lets the friendship become a sort of easy-going schoolboy affair; she allows the man to be rude to her and call her nicknames; she is indifferent both about his manners and her own; and men do not like that sort of thing.—Lady Phyllis in the *Bystander.*

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Royal Agricultural Show.

The Royal Agricultural Show opened at Park Royal, Willesden, on Tuesday last, and it closes to-day (Friday). The entries were more numerous and more varied than ever, and included many from the Continent and America. A considerably increased amount (£7,910) was given in prizes. The show was visited by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday, and by the King on Wednesday. The following table gives the number of entries in the various classes of live-stock, together with the amount of prize-money apportioned to each:—

372 Horses	£2,091
898 Cattle	2,947
591 Sheep	1,647
252 Pigs	492
871 Poultry	319

The King is showing a great many splendid animals from the royal farms. His Majesty's exhibits include the magnificent Hereford bull, Fire King, which wins first and champion prizes almost every time it is shown. This year has been a splendid show year for the King's animals, so far, and some of the royal shire horses, shorthorns, and Southdowns at Park Royal to-day will have come fresh from their triumphs at the Norfolk County Show at King's Lynn, where they earned for His Majesty no fewer than eleven first prizes, two seconds, a gold medal, two silver medals, and a special prize. At Park Royal to-day there will be exhibited twenty-one different breeds of sheep, seventeen breeds of cattle, eleven of horses, and four of pigs, while no breed of any class of poultry will be unrepresented.

Bananas Growing in England.

The novel spectacle of bananas growing on trees in England is now to be seen in a large hothouse at Tunbridge Wells. The trees are about ten feet high, and they bear hundreds of bananas in a thoroughly ripened condition. The measurement of the best fruit ranges from eight to ten inches.

"Corn Breed" Cattle.

This is what R. G. Ingersoll, the famous American essayist, says about cattle rearing: It is just as cheap to raise a good as a poor breed of cattle. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds. If you are not able to buy Durhams and Alderneys, you can raise the "corn breed." By "corn breed" I mean the cattle that have, for several generations, had enough to eat, and have been treated with kindness. Every farmer who will treat his cattle kindly, and feed them all they want, will, in a few years, have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle just as you can raise good people. If you wish to raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

Famous Retriever Shot.

Berkeley Sultan, one of the most famous retrievers in the United Kingdom, was shot recently at Preston. He won upwards of 200 prizes, and sired some of the best retrievers in the north of England, but recently he became blind.

The Onion Crop.

Where the thinning out of the spring-sown crop has not been finished there should be no further delay, and in no case must weeds be allowed to gain the mastery. We have seen some crops this season that have been quite spoilt because the hoe has been kept out too long, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. Where chickweed abounds and the weather is showery it will always pay to have the weeds picked up after the hoe. Care must be taken to guard against the onion mildew. This trouble is extending its evil work about the country, we find, and as a preventative the plants should be dust sprayed with a mixture of dry slaked lime and sulphur; either the so-called green or the flowers of sulphur will do. If the former is used an eighth part more should be used in making the mixture. Fresh-slaked, dry, powdered lime 2lb., and flowers of sulphur 1lb., should be thoroughly mixed by passing through a fine gauze sieve several times. It can best be distinguished by one of the powder pumps made for the purpose. The crop must be kept growing, and if the land is poor a dressing of soot and salt should be given at once. If possible the dressing should be put on while rain is actually falling. Lime may be used in the mixture to advantage, 25 bushels of soot, 2cwt. agricultural salt, 5 bushels of air-slaked lime. This mixture must only be made (so far at least as the lime is concerned) as it is used, or the lime will free the ammonia and the plants will lose it; if mixed a few minutes before using, and sown while raining, the plants get the benefit at once. We have found this manure to give grand results in onion culture. Tripoli and silver-skin onions that were sown last August for bulbing should be pulled as they have a decent bulb and be bunched for market. They come in well for the duck and green peas, and are much milder than the Egyption for this purpose.

The King Wins Prizes.

The King took five first prizes and one second prize for shires, two firsts and one second for shorthorns, and three firsts for Southdowns at the Norfolk Agricultural Show at King's Lynn. Mr. Fellowes, the Minister of Agriculture, took two first prizes for red-polled cattle.

Photo, Rouch.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW: "Temerity," a famous Shetland mare owned by Mrs. A. J. Beales.

A Fine Bedding Plant.

Considering its many fine qualities it is a wonder that the gold-striped French marigold is not more used for bedding or a mixed border. It is of sturdy growth, and is undoubtedly one of the most attractive half-hardy annuals we have. The ordinary variety, the brown and yellow, is a double flower, and it blooms from July to October; the purple and yellow, however, is a single variety; while the two Africans are lemon and orange-coloured. They form a most pleasing contrast to the French species. A mixed border or a bed of all the varieties is charming.

Shaping Fowls.

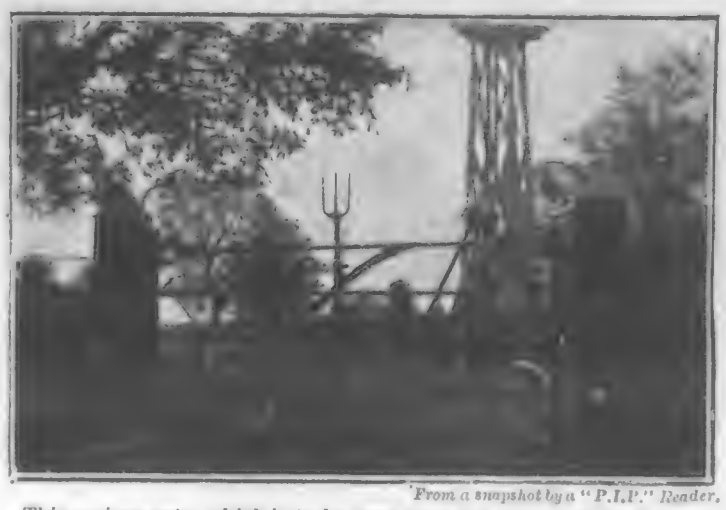
Fowls should be shaped directly after being plucked, singed, and stubbed, and while still warm. This is accomplished by the use of shaping boards. As a rule, in Sussex, these are built in three rows, to hold thirty to thirty-six fowls. Each trough is V-shaped, the front board being about five inches wide, the back board six inches, joined together at rather less than right angles; they are fitted to two upright boards. Before a fowl is put into the board the legs should be tied loosely at the hocks, and the stern pressed against a wall to square it, and so make it fit the shaping board. The wings should then be folded close to the back, and the legs laid flat against each side of the breast, the bird being put breast downwards in the trough, with the head and neck hanging over the front. The first bird should be pressed firmly against the end, and when the row is quite full a four-inch or five-inch wide, smooth board, the length of the trough, should be laid on the backs of the fowls just behind the wings. This is best weighted with 56-lb. weights; the birds should be kept in this position in a cool place until they are quite cold and set. They are then ready for market. The breast-bone should not, on any account, be broken.

The Birth of the Rose.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," wrote Shakespeare. True, but why should our national emblem, that lovely ball of fragrant crimson, be termed a rose? Why not any other name? Here is the rose's story: Thousands of years ago a Jewish maid of Bethlehem named Zilah was beloved by one Hamuel, a brutal fellow. Zilah rejected his suit, and Hamuel vowed vengeance. He gave out that the maid was a demoniac, and she was condemned to be burnt; but the flames were averted by a divine providence, the stake budded, and Zilah stood unharmed beneath a tree laden with red and white flowers, then first seen on earth since Paradise was lost. These flowers the Jews named roses. That is as near as can be got to the true origin of one of the oldest and sweetest flowers known to man. The origin of some of the rose's relatives are not so lost in the mists of antiquity. Thus, the primrose owes its name to two Latin words meaning the first rose, or flower of spring. The Christmas rose is so called because it makes its appearance in December. The provence rose, or cabbage rose, is designated so because of its compact and cabbage-like appearance. The damask rose was brought to England from Damascus, while the dog rose owes its name to the Greeks, who believe that the root of this particular tree was a cure for the bite of a mad dog.

Photo, Rouch.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Miss Grace Clarke driving the celebrated "Berkeley Bobs."



From a snapshot by a "P.I.P." Reader.

This curious gate, which is to be seen near the village of New Mill, Tring, Herts, is made entirely from agricultural implements.

Bird-lover's Achievement.

In every available nook and cranny around his residence at Cheadle Mr. J. R. B. Masefield has provided nesting boxes for birds. Every one of these is occupied, and in the trees and shrubbery around there are literally hundreds of nests: no fewer than forty-five distinct varieties of birds having been counted. The whole place is a gigantic aviary, and for the benefit of the sand-martins, who now build there in large numbers, Mr. Masefield has undertaken considerable excavations.

Bull Runs Amok.

While a bull was being driven across Reigate Heath recently by a farmer named Boxall it suddenly attacked and tossed him. As he lay on the ground in a fainting condition the animal tried to gore him, but passers-by dragged him away. A butcher named Shillingford then arrived, armed with a gun. After shots had been fired the bull turned upon his pursuers, several having narrow escapes. When the hunt had continued for an hour the bull became stuck in some boggy pasture, and was killed. Mr. Boxall escaped with bruises.

Room Plants.

THE CORRECT WAY TO WATER.—Numbers of people do not know how to give water in the correct way, whereby the florist prospers. The golden rule is never to water a plant until it requires it, and then to do it thoroughly. It is fatal merely to moisten the top of the soil, and to leave the deeper roots dry. First give a sharp tap to the pot—if it rings, water is required; if, on the contrary, a dull sound is given out, the soil is wet enough. Lifting a pot is a sure test, too, as one's hand soon becomes accustomed to the difference in weight of a moist and dry pot; the former, of course, being so much heavier. Always see that the water runs through the hole at the bottom of the pot, then you may be sure that each particle of soil is wet, and not till then. If you possibly can, it is best to use water of a corresponding temperature to that of the room they are in; this is most important with delicate plants. Large, shiny, horizontal-leaved plants require a weekly sponging to remove the inevitable dust which settles on them. Gloves should be worn while this is being done, as contact with the skin turns the edges of the leaves yellow; also gloves, of course, help to keep the hands soft and white. Plants with large leaves should never be watered overhead, unless immediately wiped dry, as each drop allowed to stand on the leaf turns yellow, rots, and finally quite spoils the leaf, so that it has to be removed. Palms will stand gas fairly well, but not so well as aspidistras, which are the best plants for dark corners. The long, thick, dark leaves seem to stand draughts, gas, dark corners, poor soil, and general neglect almost with impunity. But here, again, watering overhead is fatal as regards the appearance of these plants. Always endeavour to keep your plants well balanced. In a room it is impossible to do this without constantly turning the pots round so that all parts may get the light. In summer this has to be attended to nearly every day, but in the winter less often, as the sun is, of course, much less powerful.

GOOD FOR TWO-THIRDS OF THE YEAR.—There are some first-rate plants which refuse to look well for the coldest part of the year (unless one is possessed of a hot-house), but which are really capital for brightening our rooms for at least eight months in the twelve. Of these, the asparagus "fern" is perhaps the most useful. It is a lovely and graceful plant, which bears cutting, and it lasts so long both in and out of the water. Being, however, in reality a stove plant, amateurs who have no warmed greenhouse must not expect to keep it in thorough good health during the winter, but as soon as the spring appears new green stems will shoot up in all directions, and the old fronds will soon be replaced by bright green feathery plumes of infinite grace. *Pteris wimsetti* is a charming room plant.

Saw Itself in the Glass.

As sheep were being driven through a Darlington street, one of the flock noticed his reflection in a plate-glass window. The animal lowered his horns, charged through the window, and did damage to the amount of £15.

No Demand for Farms.

A Lincolnshire estate, known as the Laughton Manor Farm, and consisting of 569 acres, has been offered for sale by auction and withdrawn at £10,250. Twenty-seven years ago the property cost over £30,000, but now the reserve price is said to be only £14,000.

A Gardener's Diary.—July.

Average Temperature, 62.

Look out for rose suckers, and cut them off.

Syringe rose trees.

Mulch those going out of flower to induce them to make fresh buds.

Keep faded flowers picked off.

Commence propagating carnations.

Take note of gaps in the flower beds, and fill up from the nursery garden.

Place azaleas, heaths, &c., outside in a shady place to rest awhile.

Pansies which are blooming well on cool borders should have weak solutions of guano water afforded them.

Cut down faded spikes of larkspur and mulch and water well.

This month bedding plants are valuable, as July is not a good month for herbaceous perennials.

Stake the later runner beans.

Plant out celery.

Sow more turnip seeds.

Syringe both wall fruit and standards.

Make new plantations of strawberries.

Water lawn every day if possible.

Thin out the superfluous wood of fig tree and shorten gross shoots on all fruit trees.

Keep everything well watered under glass.

Give air all night to greenhouses.

Tie up climbers to roof neatly, and frequently syringe.

Damp down several times daily.

Having Bought the P.I.P.

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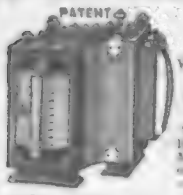
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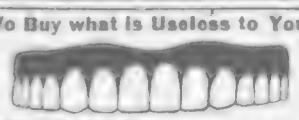
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A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE COMMAND OF THE RIVER.

While these grim spectacles were witnessed there was a spreading of that appalling conflagration which had broken out when the aliens arose in London and prepared the way for the unsuccessful struggle which had taken place. To some extent the fires had been overcome. In many cases they had burnt themselves out, in others they had been mastered by the fire brigades of the Metropolis and those which had been summoned from the provinces.

Ruffianly and callous as was the behaviour of swarms of men and women, there were not wanting other hordes of law-abiding citizens who on realising what had taken place worked ceaselessly to suppress the evil which had been done by the invaders and their confederates. And the result of these untlagging efforts was the salvation of many noble public buildings and the preservation of entire streets and areas of houses. The flames were cut off in many cases by letting them consume the structures on which they had fastened, and confining them to their prey. It was a work of prevention more than cure; and so, while great tracts of property were now charred and smouldering ruins, other and vaster districts were uninjured.

An organised and cunning effort had been made to wreck and utterly destroy the great treasure-houses, amongst them the museums and picture-galleries; but because of their admirable construction and the discipline and training of their attendants, little material damage was done by the incendiary fires which were started. The greatest mischief, it was subsequently found, had been caused by stray shot and shell from the invaders' field-guns.

Amongst the men who had helped to drive the invader into the East was John Steel. He had watched with an unconquerable fascination the work of the enemy's guns, the damage to the clock tower of the Palace of Westminster, the wrecking of other buildings nearer to him, and the killing and maiming of people in the street. He felt no terror and no nervousness, for he had been seasoned to sights like these in South Africa, and was by nature a man whom few sights could move to any show of emotion. Not that he did not feel and suffer—he did both, and acutely; but he was not given to visible and outward demonstrations.

For a long time he had tried to force a way down Whitehall, but the dense crowd was too much for him; nor could he return, because as far as the eye could reach the street and Trafalgar Square were blocked with human beings.

His opportunity came in unexpected fashion, and that was when the startling cry was raised that the Life Guards were approaching, and were about to charge the enemy.

Steel turned his head towards the north and saw the heavy cavalry, part of which was hurrying down Northumberland Avenue and part down Whitehall.

Even in what appeared to be an impassable street the troops made a way, and quickly, too. They hurried down amid deafening and exulting cries of encouragement and confidence, and in the delirium of their joy many people seized the stirrups and hung on in defiance of all attempts to force them off, even by blows with the flats of swords.

John Steel gripped the stirrup of a trooper who was trotting past. "It's no 'good damning me an' tellin' me to let go," he declared. "I'm goin' to hang on for a lift as far as my old ridgiment, the Fourteenth. They're givin' 'em 'ell at the bottom of this street."

He let go his hold when the regiment, with wild cheers, broke into the gallop and hurled all its enormous strength against the ranks of the enemy, and was just passing the Fourteenth, which is the West Yorkshire Regiment. Picking up a dead man's rifle and a handful of cartridges he fell into his old ranks as naturally as if there had been no breaks in his army service, and found that he was in the company to which he had belonged when discharged—a company which was now commanded by a man whom he had last seen as a callow subaltern.

The captain and Steel were talking, the former listening hard to the strange stories which Steel related of the outbreak and the troubles in Oxford Street. It was night, and sentries were posted at every corner, men were standing to arms at every turning, and there were groups of sleeping figures by their piled arms.

As the officer and Steel conversed they watched the great red patches in the sky towards the East.

"That'll be by the West India Docks," explained Steel, pointing to one enormous conflagration, "an' it seems to me like a lot o' ships burnin'. They'll ha' to burn themselves out, I'm thinkin'. Fire-injuns aren't much good for a blaze like that."

There was an ominous rattling from the East as they spoke.

"That sounds queer," said the officer. "It isn't rifle fire, and I don't remember to have heard anything like it in South Africa. What can it be?"

"Quick-firin' o' some sort," answered Steel. "Sounds to me more like naval gunnery. But what can naval gunnery mean in the heart of London?"

Other officers and men were listening; the sleepers were roused, and all the troops stood to arms.

A hurried council of war was held under the shadow of the huge pile of legislative buildings and by the debris of the shattered tower, from which the dead and injured were still being taken.

"It is naval quick-firing," announced a senior officer definitely. "There is no question whatever about that point."

"And what is that?" demanded another officer, in high excited tones. As he spoke he pointed towards the direction of the Tower Bridge, which was sharply outlined against the glare in the sky. It was more vividly pictured for an instant by the flash of some great explosion, the roar of which was not heard until the light had disappeared.

"It's one of two things," the senior officer declared. "It is either a mine or a torpedo—and that confirms the theory of a naval force of some description being in the river. If there is a naval force it must be our own," he continued dogmatically. "We have been trained of late to work on the theory that invasion is impossible, that the entrance of an enemy to any of the rivers or harbours of England is not to be considered seriously, and have been positively and repeatedly assured that our Navy is adequate for every purpose of defence and protection. Gentlemen, I think there is little doubt that we can congratulate ourselves on seeing the end of a very bad business. That firing is naval firing, that explosion is either a mine or a torpedo, and, in any case, it must be the work of a British ship-of-war. I know nothing of ships of the Navy; but I suppose it is possible for boats to get as far as the Tower Bridge?"

He spoke without shame, for it had been no part of his business ever to learn anything about the sister service; and it had been part of his social training to affect a dense ignorance of London east of Temple Bar. To him the capital in that direction was a more mysterious region than the hills and plains of India; he knew less of the forests of masts in the East-end than he knew of the forests and jungles of Asia. And with it all he was a well-meaning and upright man. The fault was more with his professional education than with himself.

"I couldn't tell you the difference between some of the warships and some of the merchant ships," frankly confessed a junior officer who spoke for the first time. "But if these really are warships that are letting themselves loose on the river, I suppose we ought to get to know for a fact as soon as possible?"

"And how are we to learn?" demanded the senior curtly.

"There is only one way, sir," answered the junior, "and that is by going and finding out. I will volunteer, either to go alone or in company, and get to know."

"You would never get through the enemy's lines," answered the senior. "There are too many of them."

"I can handle a boat," continued the young man eagerly, "and I understand tides. The river is ebbing, but it will soon be slack water. I can soon be down as far as the Tower Bridge, find out what is happening, and then come back with the flood. There's a boat handy just here, at the steamboat pier. Shall I try, sir?"

The senior hesitated. It was rather beyond his province; but there was no superior officer available—all were in solemn earnest council at the War Office, considering what should not be done—but large powers had been left to his discretion, and he promptly decided.

"You can go," he said, "provided another officer and a couple of like men volunteer to go with you."

The junior could have had the pick of every officer and man near him. "Me, sir!" and "Me, sir—let me go" was exclaimed on every hand.

"Only those who have been used to boats can be accepted," declared the senior. "I am thankful, gentlemen, all the same, that so many of you set so little value on your skins. As for shoving your noses into danger, depend upon it, there will be plenty of chances. We are only on the outskirts of our troubles yet. Now, Mr. Brereton, choose your men. Here is a likely fellow. How is it you're not in uniform, my man?"

He spoke to Steel, who had heard the talk and volunteered his services.

Steel explained. "You've proved your pluck, my lad, by coming back," said the officer kindly. "What do you know about boats, though?"

"I was out on the Dogger a year or two before I 'listed, sir," answered Steel.

"Ah!" murmured the senior. The Dogger was rather less familiar than London east of Temple Bar.

"Fishin', sir," added Steel.

"Ah, to be sure!" observed the senior.

"Fleetin'," explained Steel anxiously.

"And that means, I suppose, knowledge of boating?" said the senior.

"Well, sir," answered Steel, with a grim smile that was unobserved in the darkness, "it does. It means boardin' fish in bad weather, hundreds o' miles from land, goin' from one little steamboat to another with the fish you've caught in an open boat an' in weather that a lot o' people wouldn't face in a big vessel."

"I should like this man to go with me, sir," said Brereton.

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Photo, Fradelle & Young.

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MISS GERTIE MILLAR in the new Gaiety production, "The Spring Chicken."

Photo, Barraud.

THE LATEST PHOTO OF MISS ZENA DARE, who is so successfully playing "Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London.

"He seems promising—take him," replied the senior. "I hope you will bring us back a cheerful and comforting report. Good luck to you."

He and the other members of the improvised council accompanied Lieutenant Brereton, his brother officer, Steel, and another man, named Wall, to the floating pier just by Westminster Bridge. The four men stepped into a boat, Brereton and Steel taking the oars, and, amid low excited wishes for their welfare on what was recognised as a perilous undertaking, they cast off and went down the river with the last of the ebb.

Not a word was spoken as they performed their easy task, which was to keep the boat steady in the stream and avoid collision with the bridges, through which the tide rushed with dangerous speed, swirling and eddying past the piers and buttresses of the arches.

The night was moonless and starless, the Embankment lamps were not lit, there were no lights on the bridges, none on the banks of the river. The boat was guided more by instinct than vision, except when the bridges came into view against the red sky in the distance.

"My first trip on the Thames!" whispered Brereton. "And a thriller such as not even a schoolboy could dream about or imagine! What's that black, hulking thing, Steel?"

"That's the *Buzzard*, sir," answered Steel, also whispering. "She's an old sloop that was used as a training-ship for naval volunteers."

"Was?" asked Brereton, puzzled.

"Yes, sir—she was collared by the enemy right at the beginning of this business, when they rushed the Bank. And they've got her yet. Look out, sir, pull hard on your right or we shall foul her. What are they sayin', sir? You can hear their voices quite clear."

"They're talking in German, that's all I can say," answered Brereton with a bitter laugh. "What about you, Spence?"

"Sorry," answered his brother officer, "but I'm just as badly stumped as you. German never formed part of the curriculum at the place where I was stuffed. Now if it had been shoddy Greek or Latin, or even if they'd shouted in mathematics—ugh!"

He did not finish his sentence, for his hand, which was trailing in the water, had struck against a floating corpse.

There was perfect silence as the boat, unseen and unsuspected, glided past the anchored hulk, whose captors crowded on to her poop, gazing eagerly towards the East, and loudly conjecturing upon the meaning of the firing and explosions They spoke in German solely, and because of that neither Steel nor Spence understood a word they said.

"Now we shall soon find out what we want to know," said Brereton. "Steady, Steel. What do you say? Shall we make a rush for it, or what? That's the Tower Bridge just down there, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Steel. "As for what we shall do—it's slack water. Let's hook on to this old barge, sir, till the tide turns. Then we shall, perhaps, have found out an' can go back with the flood an' report"

"Very good," agreed Brereton, and they clutched the gunwale of an anchored barge in mid-stream, and sheltering in the shadow of it they gazed spellbound at the terrible picture of which they had now a perfect view.

The stately structure of the Tower Bridge was outlined clearly against the burning sky; on the right and left banks of the river the buildings seemed to be one solid mass of flame, and the crackling and roaring of the fire was distinctly heard.

"It's like the hum of a North Sea breeze," commented Steel in an awed voice. "It's a mercy the wind's blowin' down the river, or we should be choked with the smoke. It's thicker nor a North Sea fog."

"Lord, what a racket!" exclaimed Spence. "It's no good whispering now, we couldn't hear one another. There's more firing and booming. What does it all mean? Why, there—there goes a ship. Blown sky high! God in heaven!"

He pressed his palms against his eyes to shut out the hideous vision clearly seen of a steamer lifted bodily from the water and broken in two by the bursting under her of some irresistible charge. She was a small steamer in mid-stream, one of many in the Pool of London which was to share the same fate that night.

"There are some slinking little black boats!" cried Brereton, forgetful of all personal danger. "What are they?"

"Them's destroyers, sir," answered Steel grimly. "Destroyers the pretty big chaps, an' torpedo-boats the little 'uns. This one 'at's sneakin' up the river now is a torpedo-boat. She's goin' to get under London Bridge with the flood. An' look, there's another behind her, an' one behind that—a regular string of 'em."

"But—but——" said Brereton wildly. "What are they?"

"Not English," answered Steel. "They're German. An' they're goin' up as far as Westminster to try an' do what the soldiers on the Embankment couldn't manage—an' that's to have a go at the Houses o' Parliament. They're sneakin' up so's they can blaze away in the darkness, an' then they'll turn tail an' cut an' run for it."

"It means, then," said Brereton hoarsely, "that the enemy has the command of the river?"

"It means all that, sir," answered Steel solemnly.

"Then we must pull back for our lives!" exclaimed Brereton.

Steel laughed—just a short, sharp bark. "If we pulled our souls out, sir," he said, "we couldn't do a hundred yards in the time they'll do half-a-mile."

"We can't stick here and rot!" declared Brereton passionately. "We must do something! We must let our people know."

"They'll know soon enough!" said Spence.

"But—but——" persisted Brereton, almost despairingly.

"Look here, sir," interrupted Steel, "if you want to try an' get level with 'em, I think I can suggest a bit of an eye-opener for 'em. Listen." He bent his head towards Brereton and rapidly unfolded an idea—a daring, and, as it seemed, a hopeless and impossible idea.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

A SUMMER GIRL: Miss Lillian Burns, of the Gaiety company, who has recently been on tour in the provinces.

From a snap-shot by a Tokio reader.

WAITING FOR DADDY: A Japanese wife and children awaiting the return of an invalided hero from the war.

"What do you think o' that, sir?" he asked, with a ring of pride in his voice.

"Think!" answered Brereton. "Think! What do you think, Spence?"

"It's worse than a forlorn hope," said Spence gravely.

"Are you on?" snapped Brereton.

"Yes, I'm on," Spence definitely announced.

"And you, Hall?" asked Brereton, trembling with excitement.

"Yes, sir," growled Steel's comrade, a Yorkshireman like himself. "I'm on at anything 'at means the wipin' out of a few of these fellows."

"Then, by Heaven, we'll have a shot at it!" exclaimed Brereton. "You know the sea and boats and the river better than I do, and you shall take charge."

"Very well, sir," said Steel grimly. "You there, sit tight an' I'll squat in the stern-sheets an' steer her down with an oar!"

He took his seat astern, got the boat's head up river, put out an oar as a steerer, and gave the word for the boat to be cast adrift from the barge to which they had been holding it.

Then he cautiously steered her under one of the gloomy arches of London Bridge and the boat was quickly and silently borne back towards Westminster by the flood-tide on her mysterious errand.

THE RECAPTURED SLOOP.

The idea which had flashed into John Steel's mind and which he had put before his superior officer, was nothing less than the daring suggestion that the four of them should recapture the sloop *Buzzard* by a surprise boarding.

In moments of calmness the suggestion would not have been made, nor would it have been listened to; but these were wild, fierce times, and the spirit of adventure and recklessness which is inherent in the British race was thoroughly aroused in Steel and his companions.

Now that the nation had awakened to a sense of the danger which menaced it, its various classes were being welded into a universal brotherhood, and there was no man so craven as to fail to see that it was his duty to stand by his King and country to the very end, whatever the cost might be.

Amongst them was John Steel. He recognised that no risk was too great, no danger too menacing, to be met or invited, and overcome. He knew the *Buzzard* was held by a band of Germans or aliens, or both mixed; but undaunted by the fact, and cheered and encouraged by the knowledge that many such surprise attacks at sea had been attended with the most astonishing success, he had urged the idea of recapture upon Lieutenant Brereton, and Lieutenant Brereton, without considering the consequences, regardless of the fact that he was acting without orders from a superior officer, filled only by a sudden spirit of adventure and a pardonable thirst for glory, resolved upon the desperate undertaking.

John Steel knew and understood the river East of Blackfriars, and particularly of London Bridge. He had spent countless hours watching the wonderful spectacle of ships and steamers coming and going, and the almost ceaseless loading and unloading of the craft from wharves and barges. These were, he knew, the smaller fry which were engaged in coasting and home and Continental and the Near East trades generally; but to him they represented much of the life and prosperity of the capital and England. He had seen with his own eyes how great a blow could be struck at the nation's well-being, even by the destruction of these small vessels.

If the enemy had done so much so high up the river, what of the noble craft in the great docks—the fine passenger and cargo boats at Blackwall, the East and West India Docks, the Victoria and Albert Docks, and Tilbury? Even now, in all likelihood, many of these steamers had been captured or totally destroyed.

The flood tide was running strongly, and the boat, like the stealthy torpedo craft, was greatly helped up the Thames—the boat indeed was simply steered by a few movements of John Steel's steady, skilful hands. He kept close to the Embankment side of the stream, seeking the protection of the shadows and avoiding collision with piers and buttresses and barges. The floating fire-station at Blackfriars, like all these stations, was deserted, the steamers being away at some conflagration, either on the water or the riverside. But for the most part they were now silent and useless, since the enemy had captured them. One or two were still at work up the river at points which were not yet commanded or held by the invaders.

(To be continued.)

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WAVERS

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I am glad to see that the gallantry of Harold E. Thompson, the second-class petty officer on H.M.S. *Pembroke*, whose brave deed was recorded on our front page last week, is not to pass unnoticed, and at the time I write this it seems probable that he will be awarded the Albert Medal. The Mayor of Poplar wrote to the King about him, and His Majesty greatly interested himself in the case, and has communicated with the Board of Trade.

The enormous success of our Silhouette Competition has rendered it necessary for me to hold over the result for another week.

I see that the daily papers have been worrying themselves again with the old, old question as to whether we most of us sleep too much. Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, began the thing this time. He thinks that three hours of sound dreamless sleep is enough for anyone. And now everybody is writing to the papers to say what they think of Thomas Edison. His theory does not seem to be so popular as some other "cures" have been.

As a matter of fact, the world has, on the whole, been run, not by men who can go sleepless, but who best could sleep at will. Napoleon and Wellington were alike in this. The Duke could plan a battle upon which the fate of Europe depended, then drop down on to a horse rug, and in two minutes be fast asleep. Napoleon had reduced his sleeping to a system. All the projects which excited him he used in fancy to relegate to definite positions in his brain, and as each was disposed of for the moment it would be shut down and forgotten; and when he wished to sleep he would simply shut down the last lid of his mind—and snore.

It was Cobden's boast that he could sleep at will. Said he: "If I had not had the faculty of sleeping like a dead fish, in five minutes after the most exciting mental effort, and with the certainty of having oblivion for six consecutive hours, I should not have been alive now." Gladstone's sovereign rules were deliberate mastication of his food and "always eight hours' sleep." So important was this latter consideration that he would never compose anything after six o'clock at night, as to do so would affect his sleep. Some of us would never die if granted as liberal an allowance of assured rest each night.

Bright composed his speeches in bed. That tremendous oration with "the angel of death" and all complete, was thought out under his nightcap. Dr. Dollinger, cursed by insomnia, learnt by heart three books of the Odyssey, when seventy years of age, in order to be able to say them over to himself in the silent watches of the night. Thiers was one of the men to whom much sleep—and no less—meant life. He fell fast asleep when discussing with Lord Granville matters of vital interest to France during the Franco-Prussian war. Granville diplomatically upset the fire-irons, and negotiations proceeded.

Hear what Ingersoll, one of America's most brilliant essayists, had to say to the farmers of Illinois on the subject of sleep. He said: "It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. The farmer who persists in doing it, and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds, ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example."

"In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with 'healing upon his wings,' and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon the soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. When you rise at four, and work till dark, what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? If with all these advantages you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business.

"You should not rob your families of sleep; sleep is the best medicine in the world. It is the best doctor upon earth. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through take a good, long, and refreshing sleep."

I hope that all my readers are attempting to solve our finger-print competition. It is a most fascinating study. Every day the police are finding finger-prints more invaluable in the detection of crime. Last week there were several such cases in the daily papers. In one instance burglars who had broken into a jewellery shop in the Wandsworth Road, London, and stolen £200 worth of jewellery, left behind them two excellent finger-prints. The prints were on scraps of paper coated with an adhesive substance, evidently used to deaden the sound of breaking glass, which were found in the street.

In another case, an ex-convict, Preston, received a year's hard labour on the evidence of his finger-mark. He was arrested on enclosed premises in South Lambeth Road, and upon being searched a chisel and a knife were found concealed up his sleeve. He declined to give any account of himself, but Inspector Collins was able to prove by his finger-prints that Preston had served long terms of penal servitude for manslaughter and robbery. In a third case some robbers broke into a shop in Westminster, but they were disturbed, and only succeeded in getting away with about £50 in cash. They left behind them, however, an excellent set of finger-prints, and, with the aid of these, the police are hopeful of making a speedy arrest.

I have had quite a pile of letters from discontented young men who think that their talents are being overlooked in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call them. This is foolishness. It is a fact that some callings are more overcrowded than others, and that competition is very keen; but even to-day a man can be almost anything he chooses if he sets his mind to it, and works hard with that object in view.

Lord Mount-Stephen, who gave £200,000 to the King's Hospital Fund the other day, was a penniless shepherd-boy in the hills of Banffshire when he first started his career. His cousin, Donald Smith, who is now known as Lord Strathcona, was equally poor, and both were without influence of any kind. Andrew Carnegie's first job brought him in 5s. a week. He was a "bobbin-boy" in a factory. G. R. Sims, who has made a big fortune as a journalist and dramatist, was at one time a clerk in the City. Pinero was a poor actor, who studied the plays in which he took a small part. Now he makes some thousands a year in writing plays himself. John Pearce, of "Pearce and Plenty," started to make his fortune with a coffee barrow in Covent Garden. His takings were half-a-crown a night. Mr. Erasmus Wiman, a well-known and wealthy Canadian, was originally a news-boy. These are just a few names of living men taken at random. There are many more. Nearly all the successful men in the world have been "through the mill."

When you see a man pitch-forked into a job you think you ought to have had yourself, don't sit down and say hard things about luck, and fate, or favouritism. Study the other man a little, and find out if there isn't something which he is doing and you are not—something in the way of self-improvement or increased knowledge of the details of his business.

Perhaps the other man has not half the brains or general education that you yourself possess, but he may have a much more minute grasp of the particular work he has to do. Perhaps you have sometimes felt that you were really too good for the particular branch of the business you are employed upon, and that you ought to be given something more congenial to do. If so, that might account for your temporary spell of "bad luck." The other man, no doubt, was studying to make the work he was doing good enough for *him*. He was trying his best to do that work in a better way than it had ever been done before.

How many of the discontented ones who have written to me does the cap fit? I daresay some of you would like to write back to me to say that you have already been doing all that I claim on behalf of "the other man," but that nobody ever takes any notice. Perhaps they don't. But they will. Many men have had to wait a long time for their opportunity. See that you are ready to seize yours when it comes.

This week I have had so many letters from readers who want advice on various matters of general interest that it has been quite impossible to reply to them in these notes. So, as you will see, I have started a special column for replies in brief. I shall be quite willing to do this every week if it is appreciated.

THE EDITOR.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Replies in Brief.

S. HILL (St. Albans).—The testament in your possession is not of great pecuniary worth; providing it is in good condition you may be able to realise a few shillings on it.

FINANCE.—We cannot offer any opinion on the painting in your possession, as such things require personal examination. As to the violin, it is evidently a spurious imitation of a "Strad," but even the label is printed with bad spelling; "Cremonentis" should be "Cremonensis." There are many such about.

J. P. WARREN.—The address required is the Dairy Appliance Company, Pentonville Road, London, N.

TABLE DECORATIONS.—Here are a few notes on cut flowers for table and room decoration which "Mrs. K." (Eastbourne) may find useful: Some colours respond to artificial light much better than others. Most shades of blue are not suitable for decorating tables, because they turn almost brown, or at best a dull mauve. In choosing violets, therefore, for evening wear, it will be found that the blossoms which have thin, rather washed-out petals of the lightest purple will look best, the full blue not being nearly so effective. For luncheon, an arfangement of purple clematis in vases on the palest pink ground is lovely, but does not look quite so well by gaslight, though here again if the least velvety flowers are chosen for evening, a good effect can be obtained. Yellow is a splendid evening colour, but must be bright, or it will look merely cream. A dining-room panelled in light oak adorned with yellow marguerites alone is very pleasing to the eye. In the spring, laburnum makes a novel dressing for a dining-table; care, however, must be exercised with this flower, as the pods are poisonous. Blue also looks well with brown in the daytime; larkspurs, forget-me-nots, plumbago, campanulas, nemophilta, &c., all look very well. We know how artistic blue porcelain is on oak shelves, and, if the flowers have a white eye or are veined with white, the effect is somewhat the same. Scarlet is a good gas or electric colour, but it must be used judiciously, and, as a rule, only be mixed with white; just as the ladies at a regimental ball are generally allowed to robe themselves only in this pure shade.

R. R.—Thank you for your interesting letter. I am glad to hear you like so much the new features we have introduced. I am always pleased to hear from my readers, and anxious to help them in any way I can. I will send you Sir John Lubbock's list of hundred best books, with the prices marked, as soon as possible. You will find many of them in your local free library, and any you wish to purchase a local bookseller could get for you.

THRIFT.—I never care to recommend any particular firm of solicitors or brokers. Ask your bankers for the other information you want. I do not know the company you refer to, but, personally, I would prefer to leave my money in the bank.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the second set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

7.

8.

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10.

11.

12.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"P.I.P." July 1, 1905.

PARENT.—No, a child born at sea is of the same nationality as the father.

H. M. S.—The figures are not yet issued, but from official inquiries it appears that the deaths are lower and the births higher than at this time last year.

EARLY CLOSING.—I think you misunderstand the Act. The authorities were asked to put into force the provisions of the Shop Hours Act, and the hours of closing suggested were those mutually agreed upon by the necessary two-thirds majority. As it has been found impossible to secure general agreement in regard to the half-holiday, this is generally left to traders individually; Wednesdays and Thursdays generally.

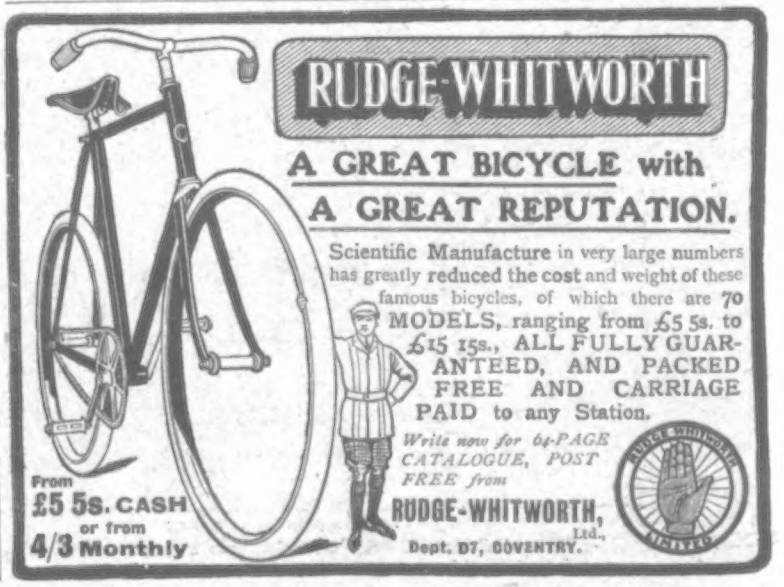
NAVAL ENGINE-ROOM.—A limited number of boys, between the ages of fifteen and sixteen, are entered half-yearly for training in the Reserves for the rating of engine-room artificers in the Royal Navy. Before being accepted they must enter into an engagement to serve in the fleet for twelve years from the age of eighteen. Applicants must be well developed, have good teeth, good eyesight, and free from physical defects, and should be recommended by the local education authority. Write to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, or Superintendent of H.M. Dockyard, at Chatham, Portsmouth, or Devonport.

BROMLEY READER.—Rose mildew can be kept in check by spraying the plants with Bordeaux Mixture, the most effective fungicide known. It is prepared as follows: Copper sulphate, 6lb.; unslacked lime, 4lb.; water, sixty gallons. Dissolve the sulphate by tying it in a piece of sackcloth and suspending it in a few gallons of water; put the lime in a pail and add water till it is reduced to a fine paste; then thoroughly mix the whole. By adding 6lb. of soft soap to the mixture it is made adhesive. The mixture should be sprayed over the affected plants in the evening or on a dull day. Potassium sulphide mixture is made by dissolving 1oz. of P.S. in two and a half gallons of hot water. It is not so good a fungicide as Bordeaux Mixture.

ALLAN D. BAILEY (Ardrossan).—Dogs are not permitted to land at our ports until the Board of Agriculture are satisfied that they are free from distemper of any kind.

CHURCH DEACON.—We understand that the Reformed Episcopal Church of England has its own Bishop and branch churches, which are doing good work in a number of the provincial towns, including Manchester, Liverpool, Birkenhead (Liscard), Eccles, and also in London. They have a Reformed Church of England Prayer Book in use at several of them.

TROUBLED LONDONER.—One pennyworth of liquid ammonia will be sufficient to rid your garden of insects. Put a teaspoonful in a pailful of water and syringe the plants well at sunset, then wash over with clear water. The effect is surprising. Snails, earwigs, caterpillars, etc., make a great trek for next door's shrubbery, most of them dying *en route*. Try it.



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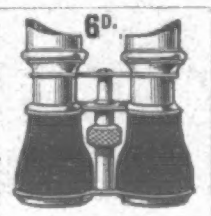

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